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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

TRADE MARK

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

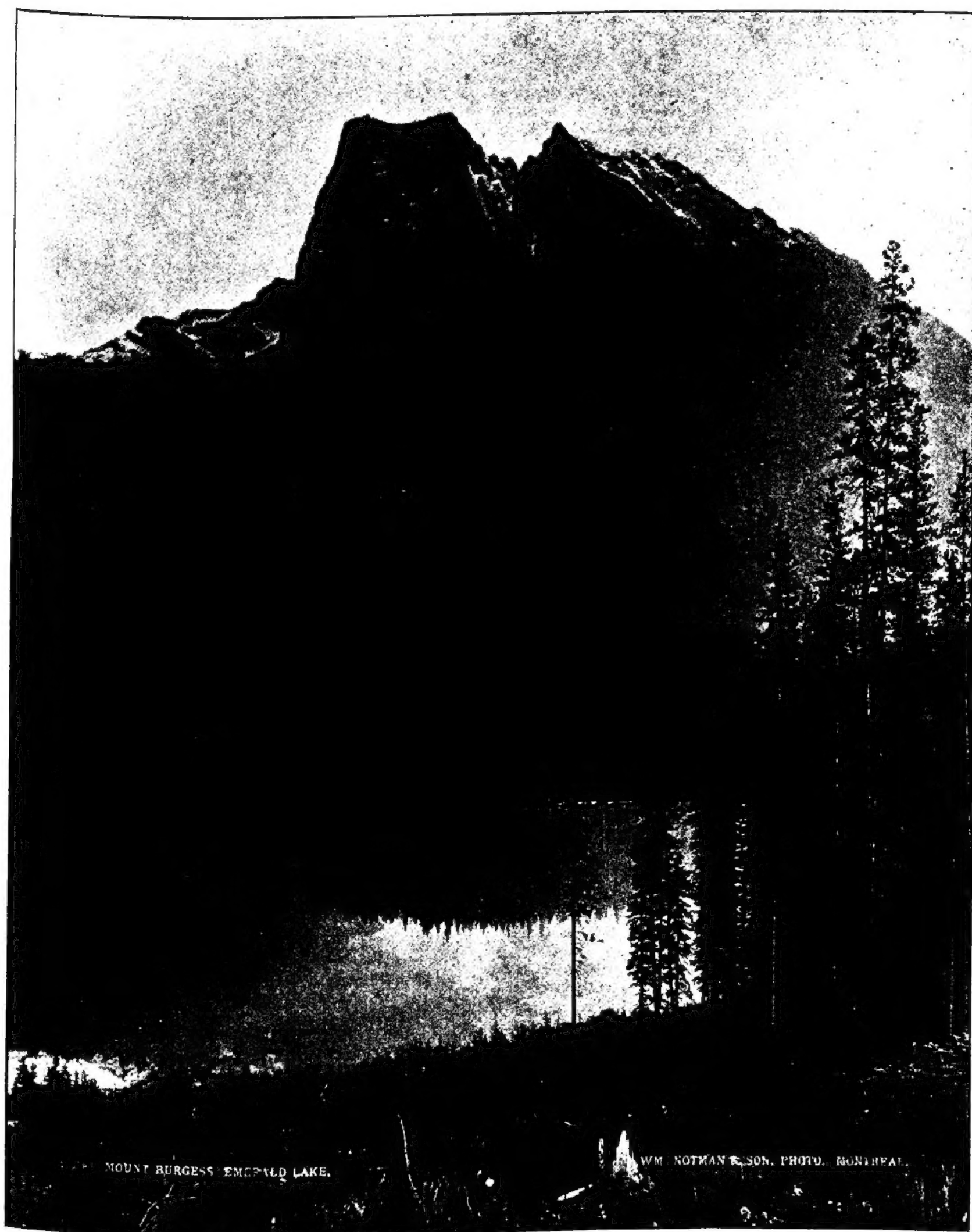
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED.

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MOUNT BURGESS EMERALD LAKE.

WM. NOTMAN & SON, PHOTO. MONTREAL.

MOUNT BURGESS, EMERALD LAKE, CANADIAN ROCKIES. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

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26th JULY, 1890.



Whoever utters a strong and cheery protest against the discouraging wail of the pessimist, who gazes with lacklustre eye on some dire phantom of threatened disaster, the creature of his own morbid imagination, does good service to his country and his kind. Dismal forebodings have a tendency to bring to pass the evils of their own gloomy forecast, while, on the contrary, words of good cheer have, by the moral sway that they exercise, a beneficent and fruitful power. The "sunny wisdom of the Greeks" paid much heed, therefore, to the language in which they spoke of even the woful and the calamitous, and left joyous associations even with scenes of death and sorrow. In the same spirit is written and in the same spirit we hail Mr. Casimir Dickson's message to the motherland as the secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada. What the triumphs of the League have been during the past year we need not pause to enumerate. Mr. Dickson finds them satisfactory, and readers of the League's journal, whose name is its profession of faith, will not be in the dark as to their character or extent. One result of its labours in the Dominion we accept as sufficient evidence of its usefulness, apart from any particular scheme, as the avowed ultimate goal of its efforts. This result is the assurance that the sympathies of the people of Canada are all for the maintenance of their proud position in the British Empire, and the firm establishment on the northern half of this continent of a Canadian nation living under free British institutions, and entirely against disruption and disintegration. Mr. Dickson dwells with natural pride on the impulse which, as he believes, the League movement has given to the growth of Canadian national sentiment, in harmonious combination with a strengthened feeling of allegiance to the Empire. For its share in fostering that sentiment we owe the League thanks and wish it prosperity.

In a letter to the *Gazette*, of this city, Sir J. William Dawson says, with regard to the subject of schools of mining, that in McGill University the school of mining engineering and assaying constitutes one of the departments of the faculty of applied science, and though, like other parts of the work, it is imperfectly manned and equipped, it has on the whole been successful and is growing in importance. The special instruction is painstaking and thorough, and the students have the advantage of honour courses in geology, and in the faculty of arts, in addition to the training in the faculty of applied science. The university has sent out a number of good men, many of them finding employment in the United States, where they are highly appreciated, not only for their professional ability, but for their integrity and honesty. Sir William Dawson says he could name a considerable number of such young men who have good positions and larger salaries than their professors. The Principal would be glad to see this mining school better sustained and greatly enlarged. The education

most required is that which tends to enlighten the general public as to trained mining engineers and he hopes that the recommendations of the Ontario Commission report will work in that direction. Honest mining industry (as distinguished from mere speculation in mining properties) is increasing in Canada, and success or failure depends on the employment of trained and competent men, especially natives of the country. There is no class of McGill's graduates, concludes Sir William Dawson, who have done more in the cultivation of original work in science than the graduates in mining engineering.

During the year 1872 Colonel C. S. Czowski, President of the Dominion Rifle Association, proposed that a grant should be made by the Government to send a representative body of Canadian marksmen to Wimbledon, there to compete with the marksmen of the Mother Country. The proposal met with approval, and the Adjutant-General received instructions to organize and despatch such a party as an accredited military corps. Major P. W. Worsley, at that time Brigade-Major of the Grand Trunk Brigade, was appointed to take command of the Team. An interesting account of the trip is contained in the report of the Militia Department for the year 1872. The Team was remarkably successful, winning, among other prizes, the Rajah of Kolapore's cup, as well as good places on the Queen's Prize. Since then the reputation of Canada has been well sustained in each successive year. It looks as if in Bisley our marksmen were to keep up the record obtained at Wimbledon. Four of the Canadian Team secured places in the second stage of the Queen's Prize. These are Staff-Sergeant Ogg, of Guelph; Captain Bishops, of the 63rd Regiment, Halifax; Sergeant Hall, of the 79th Regiment, Quebec, and Lieutenant Smith, of the St. John, N.B., Rifles. In the first stage Lieutenant Hora, of Kingston, Sergeant Manning, of the 62nd Regiment, of St. John, N.B., and Private Hutchison, of the 43rd Regiment, of Ottawa, got two prizes each. Last year only five Canadians obtained places in the Queen's Prize, while this year there are seven. Four got places on the second last year, and an equal number did the same thing this year. Other prizes have since been awarded to members of the Team.

The advisability of appointing a Canadian officer to the command of the militia has of late been the subject of considerable discussion. According to the actual usage, the officer holding that important position must have rank not below that of a colonel in the regular army. The *Militia Gazette* suggests that this requirement may in time be made compatible with the desire that the officer commanding should be a Canadian, as the present steady flow of the most accomplished of Canada's young soldiers into the Imperial service will by and by afford a considerable list of colonels of Canadian birth and training from which to make the selection.

Mr. J. Scott Keltie, librarian of the Royal Geographical Society and editor of the "Statesman's Year-Book," has been giving a series of lectures on a subject which is far too much lost sight of in ordinary education—commercial geography. These lectures deal mainly with the British Empire. It is discussed under two chief heads—the Empire at home, comprising the United Kingdom, and the Empire abroad, embracing India, the colonies, the protectorates and the spheres of influence. The relative importance of the Mother Country, so far as size and population are concerned, compared with the rest of the Empire, is shown by the fact that of 10 million square miles, only 121,000 belong to the United Kingdom. In other words, the Mother Country is only one 82nd part of the whole Empire. Her population to-day is close on 38 millions, or just about one-eighth part of the whole of Her Majesty's subjects. The total trade of the Empire may be valued, imports and exports, at about 1,200 millions sterling, and of this the share of the Mother Country is about

68 per cent., leaving just 32 per cent. to the vast remainder of the Empire. The trade of the Mother Country has, however, been the growth of about a thousand years, while the Colonial Empire only began to take its rise about 250 years ago. Eighteen years ago the total trade, so far as value goes, of the Mother Country was much what it is now, while in the same period the trade of the Colonies and India has increased by 70 per cent., from about 290 millions to 415 millions. Lectures of this kind must deepen the interest of those who hear them in the outlying parts of the Empire. There is no reason why similar courses should not be given in Canada. To manufacturing and commercial circles they would be most instructive, and might be so conducted as to have a really practical value. Such a course would be a welcome addition to the scheme of study at our winter night schools.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Sir Henry Parkes, in moving, in the New South Wales Assembly, the resolution for the federal union of the whole group of Australian colonies could quote in favour of his scheme a precedent which tended to facilitate his task. When, in the Parliament of United Canada, the late Sir E. P. Taché and the Hon. (now the Right Hon. Sir) John Macdonald had to discharge a similar duty, they could point their hearers to no experience from modern colonial history in justification of the proposed change. For illustrations of the working of the federal system they were, indeed, at no loss, but for such an experiment as the British North American Provinces were then asked to undergo there was as yet no example. The fact that in this Dominion he has an instance of a colonial federation which has passed through the risks of infancy and childhood, and has even celebrated its "coming of age," has materially strengthened the plea of Sir Henry Parkes for Australian union. The circumstances of the two groups of colonies—the Canadian Provinces as they were a quarter of a century ago and those of the South Pacific as they are to-day—present it is true, some salient points of difference. Whereas the United Kingdom has furnished the great bulk of Australia's population, in Canada there were two great sections, marked off from each other by race, by language and by religion. The contiguity, moreover, of a powerful and ambitious republic, conterminous with itself, through its whole extent from east to west, makes the position of Canada very different from that of the Australian Colonies, New Zealand and Tasmania, severed by many leagues of ocean from any rival power. It is, doubtless, to this absence of any stronger neighbour, that the tone of some of the political leaders in Australia, with regard to the Mother Country, may be attributed. When Sir Henry Parkes was reproached for not having proposed the name of Mr. Dibbs, the chief of the New South Wales Opposition, as a delegate to the Federal Convention, he urged in excuse that Mr. Dibbs was openly in favour of separation from England. The course of the Premier of Queensland last year indicated the existence of a similar feeling in that colony. Sir Henry Parkes himself has not been always free from the suspicion of separatist aims, though he evidently does not wish to make a schism in the Empire a plank in his federal platform. The Imperial Federationists, on the other hand, are awaiting with eagerness the result of Sir Henry's policy as a probable step towards the attainment of their own ideal. As Canada is a precedent for Australian, so both together would be precedents for South Africa and, perhaps, West Indian federation—the organization of all these groups being the necessary antecedent of a comprehensive plan of Imperial union. The federation of the Empire—which has in some directions been gravely misunderstood and viewed with needless alarm—could only be brought to pass after the lapse of several years and with the full consent of the various communities interested. Meanwhile the League serves the purpose of a bond of union to the constituent

portions of the Empire, interesting them in each other's status and aspirations, and strengthening the ties between the metropolis and the Greater Britain beyond sea. If it were only for the impulse that it has given to the study of Imperial geography and history, the League's work merits grateful recognition.

It may occur to some of our readers that if Canadians master their own geography and history, they will have performed no trifling feat—one, besides, which patriotism suggests as a primary duty. And we gladly accept the promptings of our own country has the first claim on our attention, and a vast field it offers to the diligent student. But no region, no people, can be profitably contemplated apart from the rest of the world. And if this was true in past generations, it is more than ever true just now. "All people that on earth do dwell" are interdependent to an extent and in a variety of ways that must excite our astonishment, however commonplace the network of mutual obligation and service may seem. A glance around our offices or homes brings the fact before us at any moment. But this abounding evidence of far-reaching interrelation simply confirms the claim that our own country has upon our thoughts. We often hear the complaint that Canadians are not sufficiently proud of their birthright. Before the confederation of the provinces, the many slights that Canadians inflicted on Canada were set down to our lack of cohesion. We were mere Provincials. To be a Canadian was to be something appreciably less than an Englishman or an American. We had, it is true, the privileges of the one and the reputation of the other. But virtually we were neither. Happily the day is past when any son or daughter of Canada, by birth or adoption, would stammer in asserting the fact. But our national sentiment still falls short of what it ought to be. Australians speak of us as a great people, with a domain as large as Europe, with resources of soil, mine, river and forest practically exhaustless, with means of communication suited to our millions of industrious workers, a constitution admirably adapted to our needs, and the assurance of a grand destiny in the fulness of time. Englishmen write with rapture of our great heritage. France felicitates her sons in the New World on the position they occupy as heirs of two civilizations. No tourist that visits our shores in fact, no student of our political system, no economist who has had an opportunity of surveying our treasures of natural wealth, has failed to congratulate us on so fine an inheritance, on prospects so full of hope.

Yet we belittle ourselves. Our tone is too often that of malcontents and ingrates. We contrast ourselves, to our own disparagement, with our neighbours. We exaggerate our divisions and emphasize our local rivalries. We bewail our slowness of initiative, our lack of fruitful enterprise, our talents left buried in the ground. Save the organs of party, with which we assail each other, we support no periodical press. Our neighbours publish their weeklies and monthlies by the score and make fortunes out of them, while in Canada no worthy literary venture has lived more than ten years—few of them so long. Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indies, are all, in this respect, in advance of Canada. Cuba has its *Revista*; Canada (beyond the range of the technical or the religious) has neither monthly nor quarterly. We look abroad for our culture, for our ideas, for our opinions on everything but politics. In fine, we have no national spirit, no pride in our country, no patriotic enthusiasm. This is the sort of complaint that we are weary of listening to.

Yet it is to Canada that Sir Henry Parkes points as an instance of the triumph of the federal idea. Once the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria and Queensland and New Zealand, and all the rest of the great South Pacific group, have been brought together under a federal government, the era of isolation and weakness, of rivalry and jealousy, will be succeeded by that of common aims, of natural feeling, of effective coöperation. What the ultimate

issue may be he does not pretend to forecast. Whether the adoption of the federal principle will prepare the way for a federation that will embrace the whole Empire, or whether, as Mr. Dibbs rashly declared, it will have its logical sequel in an independent Australia, he does not venture to predict. But he does not hesitate to prophesy for the Dominion of Australia all the advantages that the British North America Act conferred on the previously isolated provinces that constitute the Dominion of Canada. In being thus indicated as an example of the successful working of the federal system, we have certain responsibilities thrust on us. *Noblesse oblige*. We must show ourselves worthy of the high opinion that our distant kinsmen entertain of us. If our position is not quite so enviable as Sir Henry Parkes seems to consider it, there is, at least, enough in it to inspire us with confidence in the future, and if that future should fall short of the world's expectations, a good share of the blame will undoubtedly rest with ourselves. Let us be Canadians, then, and if we are worthy, we shall have a right to be proud, of the name.

ENGLAND'S LAUREATES.

Of late the question of the successorship to the position of honour, long held with such credit by Lord Tennyson, has been discussed by both the English and American press. This is a good sign. The time was when the laureateship was simply a berth for some needy or greedy court favourite, and the list of the incumbents of the office for nearly three centuries shows to how small an extent, until a comparatively recent period, real poetic worth was considered a recommendation in the selection. The first Englishman who claimed that distinction was John Kay, who served King Edward IV. in that capacity. John Skelton, who flourished in the reign of the two following Kings, was poet laureate of three universities—Oxford, Cambridge and Louvain. But, though Skelton was tutor in the family of Henry VII., he did not pretend to be the court poet; nor does anyone appear to have regularly filled that office from Kay's time till the Restoration. To Davenant succeeded no less a personage than John Dryden, but many generations were to pass before Dryden had a worthy successor. He was the only laureate who did not continue so from his appointment till his death. Though he welcomed the returning King within two years after he had printed his laudatory verses on the death of Cromwell, he could not satisfy his conscience regarding the oath of allegiance to William III. "So Shadwell, 'mature in dulness from his tender years,'" was raised to the vacant throne. When Shadwell died three years later, the Rev. Dr. Brady preached his funeral sermon and Nahum Tate was made laureate. Both these names are familiar to us from their association with the Psalms of David. Nicholas Rowe, who merits respect as the first editor of Shakespeare, who wrote several dramas and who translated Lucan's "Pharsalia" into English verse, followed Tate, and was, in turn, followed by the Rev. Lawrence Eusden, who held the office for twelve years. On his death in 1730, Colley Cibber, the son of a Danish sculptor, who had settled in England, was offered the post of laureate as a reward for a play in which he had satirized the sympathizers with the banished Stuarts. He has a place in the history of the English stage; his literary fame is embalmed in Pope's "Dunciad." He was a conspicuous figure in the London of George II., and, when he acted, was well paid, and drew crowds from a personal attraction, which was not altogether due to merit. He was nearly ninety when he died in 1757.

The next Laureate was William Whitehead, whose appointment was mainly due to the influence of a noble family which he served as tutor. He held the position until his death in 1785, when Thomas Warton, who had been Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and whose History of English Poetry is still a standard work, was chosen to succeed him. It is to Warton that Gibbon refers in his note to the account of Petrarch's corona-

tion. "I much doubt," says the historian, "whether any age or court can produce a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who, in every reign, and at all events, is bound to furnish twice a year a measure of praise and verse such as may be sung in the chapel, and, I believe, in the presence of the Sovereign. I speak the more freely, as the best time for abolishing this ridiculous custom is while the prince is a man of virtue and the poet a man of genius." The "man of genius" died so soon that he had little time to revolve his friend's proposal, and Gibbon lived long enough to see Henry James Pye in Warton's place. Whether Pye thought that Gibbon's compliments were hardly applicable in his case we do not know, but he does not seem to have made any effort to follow his counsel. He accepted the royal favour with proper submission, and sang in due season for twenty-three years. Neither Gibbon's quiet contempt nor Peter Pindar's satiric shafts disturbed his equanimity. His reign is memorable as that of the last of the King Logs who wore the poet's crown.

In 1813 a new regime began when Robert Southey, with the good will of all his brethren in song, ascended the throne. He occupied it for thirty years, and when in 1843 he passed away in his quiet northern home, his place was filled by the still more majestic presence of William Wordsworth. But that great and true poet was at that time in his 74th year, and it was evident that another must soon undertake the laureate's duties. The succession fell to Tennyson, who, like Wordsworth, had determined to make poetry the serious business of his life. Of the whole line of laureates, indeed, to him alone it has been permitted to devote his whole time and thought to his beloved muse, and in the pursuit of poetry as an art, none has come so near perfection as he.

Cochineal.

On the skirts of this delightful property I was introduced to the cochineal insect; as usual, in a cloud of white dust, on the eccentric ear of the prickly pear. He is a fat, dark, spherical little creature, looking like a black currant, and with neither head, legs nor tail, to the casual observer. In fact, he is so inanimate that one may squash him between finger and thumb without any qualm of conscience. He is nothing but a black currant, sure enough, though the bright carmine or lake exuding from his body, which serves him for blood and us for dye, is a better colour than the juice of the currant.

It was the cultivation of these pleasant little individuals which, a score of years ago, put no less than 40 per cent. per annum upon investments into the pockets of the cultivators. Such prosperity was too good to last. The insect was not introduced into Tenerife until 1825; and for a time it could not be encouraged to propagate successfully. A priest was the discoverer of the right method of nurture, and to him it is due that from 1845 to 1866 an annual crop of from two to six million pounds of cochineal was produced.

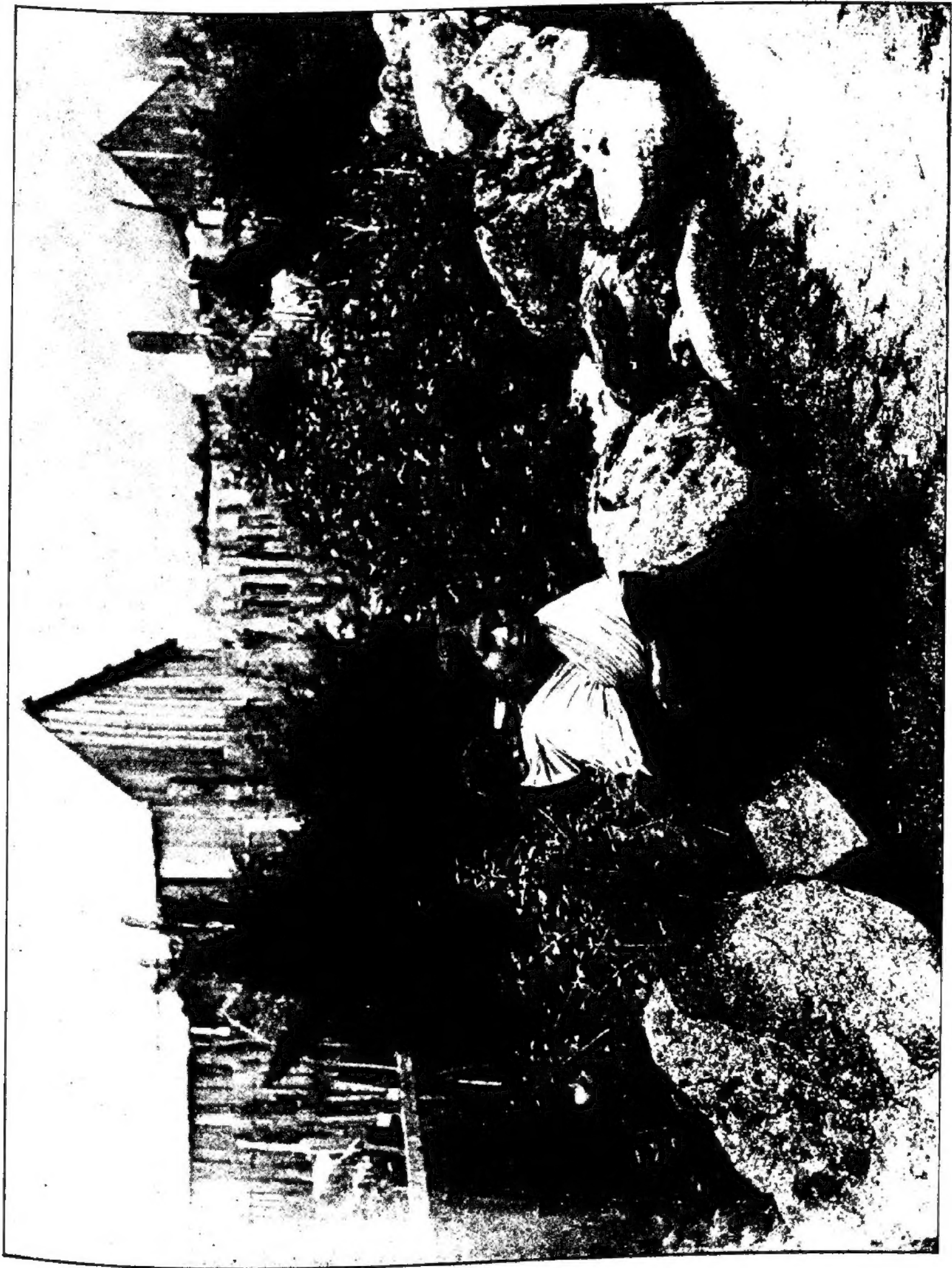
A cochineal plantation has a singular aspect. The larvæ, being very delicate and rather thick-witted, have to be tied upon the cactus plant, which is to be their nurse and their nursery at the same time. Thus one sees hundreds of the shoots of the prickly pear—the cactus in question—all bandaged with white linen, as if they had the toothache. In this way the insects are kept warm and dry during the winter, and induced to adhere to the plant itself. When they are full grown, they are ruthlessly swept from their prickly quarters, shaken or baked to death, and dried in the sun. The shrivelled anatomies are then packed in bags and sold as ripe merchandise at about £5 a hundredweight.—C. Edwards.

The Ideal Short-Story Writer.

The writer of short stories must be concise, and compression, a vigorous compression, is essential. For him, more than any one else, the half is more than the whole. Again, the novelist may be commonplace, he may bend his best energies to the photographic reproduction of the actual; if he show us a cross section of real life, we are content; but the writer of short stories must have originality and ingenuity. If to compression, originality and ingenuity he add also a touch of fantasy, so much the better. It may be said that no one has ever succeeded as a writer of short stories who had not ingenuity, originality and compression, and that most of those who have succeeded in this line had also the touch of fantasy. But there are not a few successful novelists lacking not only in fantasy and compression, but also in ingenuity and originality; they had other qualities, no doubt, but these they had not. If an example must be given, the name of Anthony Trollope will occur to all.



EMERALD LAKE: CANADIAN ROCKIES. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



SQUAW AND PAPOOSE, YALE, B.C. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

OUR ENGRAVINGS

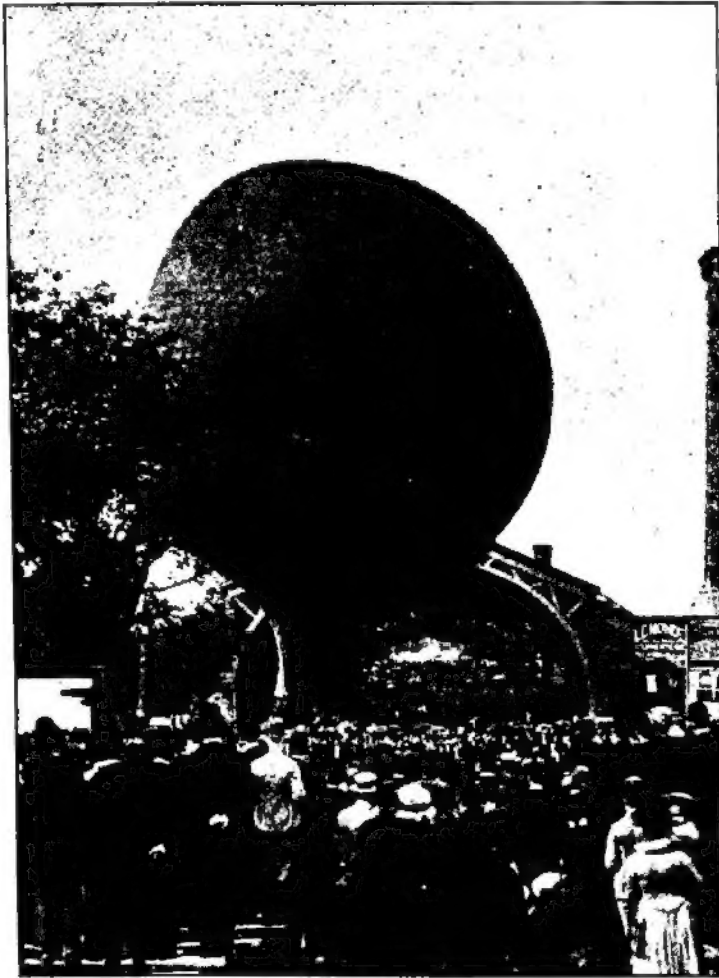
MOUNT BURGESS AND EMERALD LAKE.—Of the many illustrations of our western scenery that have appeared in this journal, there is not a single scene, probably, more strikingly picturesque than the view in this engraving. All the charms of mountain, lake and forest are here combined to form one of Nature's masterpieces. The quiet waters, with the wealth of luxuriant foliage reflected in their surface as in a mirror, the great bare rock masses towering overhead, and the play of light and shade alternately emphasizing and toning down the salient features of the landscape, all in turn attract the eye. It is a grand example of Nature's grouping, of the blending of the sublime and the beautiful, and the pleasure that it gives in its pictorial reproduction fully accounts for the enthusiasm with which tourists journeying overland to the Pacific have written of the Canadian route.

SQUAW AND PAPOOSE, NEAR YALE, B.C.—It is at Yale that the canyon of the Fraser ends and the river widens out. Here may be seen Chinamen washing gold in the sand-bars and Indians herding cattle in the meadows, and the villages of the Indians, each with its little unpainted houses and miniature chapel, alternate rapidly with the collections of huts where the Chinamen congregate. Our engraving shows an example—and a characteristic one of this part of the province. The woman, who is in the prime of life, is carrying her baby in the traditional fashion, and a fine little fellow he seems to be. The picture is an extremely effective one, the artist having placed the leading figures in an admirable position for bringing out both themselves and their environment to good purpose. It shows what photography can be made to accomplish in skilful hands, when taste and judgment preside at the operation.

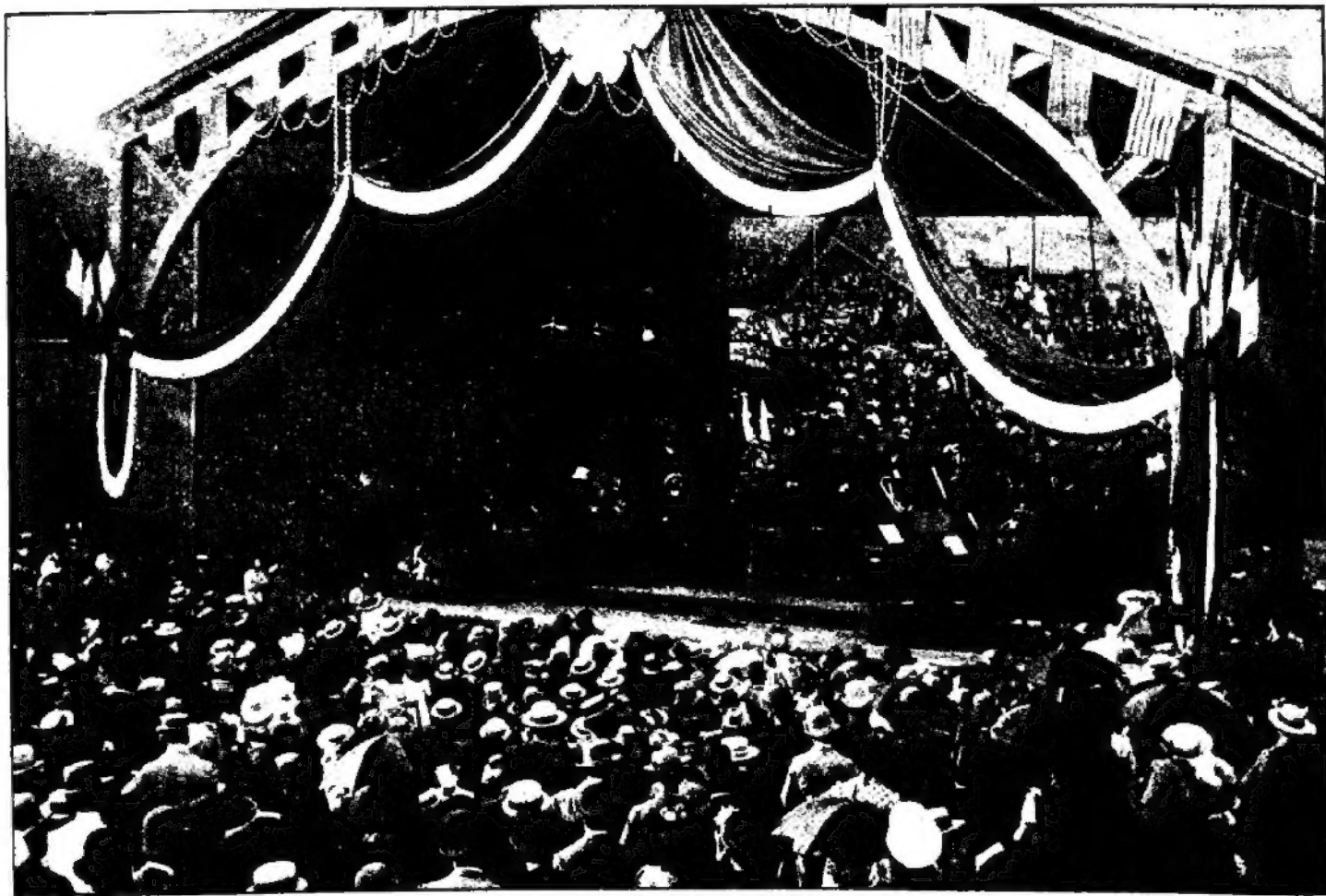
SOHMER PARK—VIEW FROM ENTRANCE, LOOKING TOWARDS BAND STAND.—Our readers may, from this engraving, form some idea of what Sohmer Park appears to one entering it for the first time. The contrast from the din and dust of the street just left behind is as extraordinary as it is agreeable. The person who is in need of rest or recreation, who loves fine music or fine scenery, finds himself or herself suddenly transplanted into the presence of all that can be desired in all these phases of enjoyment. The ground out of which the park was made was once one of the finest of those old gardens which are mentioned by Bouchette and a long succession of tourists as the glory of Montreal in the early part of the present century. It is thus described by a traveller, who was entertained in 1805 by the proprietor of that time: "This gentleman's house is situated on an eminence whence there is a charming prospect of an extensive tract of the river and several of its islands. Adjoining it is an extensive and well-managed garden, in which are to be found not only the plants seen in ordinary gardens, but many exotics—those of milder climates being preserved in a greenhouse." And then he describes the trees, the aviary, the wild animals kept in willing captivity, and a number of other attractions which added to the distinction of the establishment. Now, the main features which made the spacious garden one of the wonders of that distant day are still preserved in Sohmer Park, which has, besides, a number of attractions more in harmony with modern tastes, and more adapted to a variety of pleasure seekers. The natural charms of the site are unchanged. But beneath the ancient trees are luxurious seats for the tired visitors, with exquisite music, refreshments *ad libitum*, and a constant succession of all sorts of unusual spectacles to give a fresh turn to the thoughts of the citizen wearied with monotonous drudgery.

Of the character of these amusements for the gratification of eye and ear, it would be vain to attempt a catalogue, as they are practically limitless. But the frequenters of Sohmer Park know that there is never absent some fresh delight for those who are capable of being amused.

SOHMER PARK, VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—The fine river view, as here illustrated, which the frequenters of Sohmer Park can always have when the weather is favourable, makes it one of the most esteemed pleasure spots in Montreal. Nothing could be more charming than to sit under the trees in this



SOHMER PARK: A BALLOON ASCENSION.



SOHMER PARK—THE PAVILION: PRINCE KINIKINI PERFORMING.

memory-haunted old garden and to watch the stately ships go by with their living freight from all the ends of the earth. Now and then the shriek and roar and rattle of the railroad cars reminds the dreamer that he is still in the precincts of the city, and that it is the modern, not the ancient, city, of which his resting place and vantage ground forms a part. For just below, on the other side of the boundary wall, is the track line of the Pacific. But the interruption is only momentary. The harsh scream subsides, the day dream of *dolce far niente* returns and the scene changes once more. Sitting there, with St. Helen's, Ile Ronde, the

old fort, the further side of the river, and away off the dim mountains stretching out before one, it is possible to imagine a long series of events, with great figures of the past as actors, unfolding before the eyes. St. Helen's recalls a host of memories, both of the old régime and the new, from the days of Champlain (to go no further back), who lovingly called it after his wife, Hélène Boullé, to that critical hour when Lévis, wounded in his patriot's heart, was tempted to forget a soldier's duty; and from that day, when Montreal is pictured as a little walled village of three or four thousand people, to the present, when it is a great city of a quarter million inhabitants. But we must leave to each visitor the privilege of making his (or her) own dreams. No dream at all, indeed, is necessary for enjoyment in such a scene, the living present offering all that heart can desire. The promenade here, shaded with venerable trees, is two or three hundred feet long. How broad it is is seen in our engraving. The experience of last St. Jean Baptiste's festival shows that Sohmer Park can easily and comfortably accommodate a large multitude of pleasure-seekers. But no one need wait for a multitude to see and enjoy it. Some, indeed (and we are of them), prefer the quietude of a less crowded scene.

SOHMER PARK, MR. LAVIGNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.—Our readers have here another view of the auditorium. Mr. Ernest Lavigne, who as a *chef d'orchestre* is conceded by those who know to have no superior on this continent, may be seen standing in front. An ingenious device of grouped mirrors at the back of the stage gives the impression of a long vista extending to the rear, which is really, however, a reflected glimpse of the spectators and listeners in front. This phase of the park's attractions must, however, be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Apart from the special treats brought, with so much care and at so much cost from all parts of the continent, those who have heard the music of Mr. Lavigne's own band can bear witness that one might travel far and fare much worse, even in the great centres of musical art. Mr. Gilmore himself gladly acknowledged that the musicians of Mr. Lavigne's training could not be surpassed on this continent. To lovers of music the band is always, indeed, the great attraction of the park.

SOHMER PARK, THE ORCHESTRA PAVILION.—This engraving is meant to give an idea of the arrangements for musical performances and spectacular displays. The stage, the performers (Prince Kinikini, the Japanese equilibrist, showing some of his surprising feats) and the spectators are all visible

at a glance, and it is evident that nothing has been omitted which would add to the comfort and convenience of the public.

THE KITTEN.—This has been pronounced a charming picture, and we are not disposed to dispute that judgment. It is a product of that highest artistic feeling, that thorough sympathy with the picturesque, whether in nature generally or in the human face and figure, which with skill of touch, made perfect by practice, enables the artist to conceal his art under the guise of a delicious simplicity. The girl is thoroughly happy. The field, or bank, on which she reclines is to her as soft as the most luxurious couch. She is at peace with all the world, and her gracious contentment finds expression in the smile that plays round her lips, disclosing teeth unspoiled by the sweets of civilization. The kitten is also happy after its fashion. It reveals its trustfulness by closed eyes and in that peculiar feline

music which, all the world over, is associated with the joys of the hearth, it gives vent to its tranquil joy and gratitude to its little mistress. We can almost hear it purring. The young couple reveal in attitude and expression the bright insouciance of the morning of life which, as the years glide by, becomes a memory hardly ever to be recalled. The artist, L. Viney, is known by some good work, of which "The Kitten" may be deemed a characteristic example.

THE ST. ANNE'S REGATTA.—The scene here depicted is a familiar one to our readers who are lovers of boating.

The eleventh annual regatta of the Ste. Anne's Boat Club came off on the 12th inst. The boathouse beamed with life, and the colours of the various costumes added to the beauty of a scene which is not lacking in natural charms. A number of light craft studded the course, and the "Reliance," from Lachine, bore a joyous living freight. The arrangements were carried out under the management of the committee, composed of Messrs. Townsend, Hanson, Whitlaw, Beaufield, Bradshaw and McDougall, the judges being Major Bond, Mr. Douglass, Mr. W. White, Mr. Alf. Morris and Mr. Percival. The absence of wind was a serious drawback to the day's sport. For the decked canoe sailing race there were two entries—Mr. Archibald's Mab and Mr. Barry's *Aolus*. It was the first race on the programme that was finished. It was almost impossible, with the direction of the little breeze that was appreciable, to steer between the barge and buoy, which was marked out as the goal, but by great tact and seizing every breath of wind at the right moment this was accomplished, and Mr. Barry's *Aolus* crossed the line about two minutes after the Mab, and thus finished the first sailing race. An extra-decked sailing boat race was then started, for which there were three entries, the *Freja*, Jean A. and Marguerite, which resulted as follows: Mr. Wallace's *Freja*, 1; Mr. Clouston's *Marguerite*, 2. The junior single scull race resulted thus: F. Rielly, 1; V. Henrichon, 2. For the single-paddle canoe race the entries were J. L. Girdwood, P. Taylor, C. Routh and F. Fairbanks, who came up in the order given; but, Girdwood's boat not complying with the regulations, the prize was awarded to Taylor. A double scull race was next pulled off between St. Lambert and the Grand Trunk crews, and the prize was awarded thus: St. Lambert, A. Irving and F. Rielly, 1; Grand Trunk, V. Henrichon and L. Mitchell, 2. In the tenth event, a canoe race (4 in canoe), there were two entries, both Lachine crews, and it resulted thus: J. Fairbanks, J. Stewart, C. Routh, 1; P. Rawlings, B. Levine, A. Moss, N. Dawes, 2. The four-oared race, one mile, was pulled off between the crews of A and B boats of the Grand Trunk club and resulted in an easy victory for B boat, composed of A. Green, J. Beatty, R. J. Kell and D. W. Dawes. The next event was a tandem canoe race, for which there were four entries, resulting as follows: Duggan and Sherwood, 1; Fairbanks and Stewart, 2; Reilly and Irving, 3. The last race on the programme was a canoe race (single paddle from bow), which found six entries, resulting as follows: G. Haldimand, 1; J. Perrault, 2. Besides the boat races, a swimming match and a greasy pole contest were among the amusements of the day. For the swimming match (100 yards) the following names were entered: E. Sanderson, P. F. Sanderson, G. H. Stephenson, C. Cooke, J. Kennedy, J. R. Gardiner. E. Sanderson won easily, the others following in the order of their names. A bonnet hop closed the programme.

ACHOUAPMOUCHOUAN, ST. FELICIEN.—The scene in our engraving will be familiar to those who have done themselves the pleasure, and the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway the justice, of testing the grandeur and beauty of this delightful region. The ponderous names borne by some of these ancient rivers—ancient in Indian tradition as in geological record which associates it with some great convulsion—have come to trip easily on the tongues of the happy settlers, to whom they are the parents of many bounties. Mr. Lemoine, the Hon. Boucher de la Bruere, Mr. Buies and Mr. S. E. Dawson have all depicted the resources, the scenic attractions and the facilities for sport of the grand system of water which is suggested by Lake St. John. St. Felicien, the locality here illustrated, is a thriving place, whose natural advantages are on a par with its charms of scenery.

Edmund Russell on Dress.

"In dress," said Mr. Russell in a lecture, "the development of personality is the true basis of the best expression. The grace of a costume depends mainly upon the proper poise of the wearer. The most artistic gown loses its effect when worn by a woman with a sunken chest, curving back and projecting elbows. Repose, dignity and grace of presence come only with the realization of Delsarte's idea of control in the torso and freedom at the extremities. The becomingness of a gown lies in its relation of colour and form to the wearer. There is a relation, both by correspondence and contrast. Black, by contrast, gives an added whiteness to the complexion, but by correspondence it deepens every line on the face and increases the impress of age. Three classes of color are always harmonious—for the street, shades on the tone of the hair; for the house, the tone of the eyes; for the evening, the tint of the complexion. The dress should always be subordinate to the thing decorated. Ornaments and jewels should harmonize with the dress, being the highest point in its decoration. In Greek and Egyptian vases the design is subservient to the shape of the object and follows it, instead of being, so to speak, 'stuck on,' as is often the case in Dresden and Sevres ware."—*New York Star*.

Ibsen's Prose Dramas.

Walter Scott, of London, whose Canadian agents are Messrs. Gage & Co., of Toronto, and Mr. Picken, of this city, has recently published another volume of Ibsen's prose dramas. It comprises "Lady Inger of Oestrat," "The Vikings at Helgeland," and "The Pretenders," and fully equals in interest the preceding volumes of the series.

LITERARY NOTES

Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler, who is not unknown in Canada, is the author of "Stray Leaves from Newport," prettily brought out by the J. G. Cupples Company, of Boston.

"The Voyage of the Ark" is a droll parody on history, from an Irish standpoint, by Mr. F. M. Allen, the clever author of "Through Green Glasses." It is published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York.

"By Order of the Czar," Joseph Hatton's thrilling tale of Russian prison life, which has excited so much interest in England, has been brought out in a cheap edition by Messrs. John Lovell & Son. It is well worth reading.

The novels of "W. Heimburg" have been made accessible to English readers, by the Worthington Company, of New York. The latest of the series, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, has just appeared with some fine photo-gravure illustrations.

"Marie Gourdon," a romance of the Lower St. Lawrence, by Miss Maud Ogilvy, has been favourably reviewed by the press. The heroine, who gives the book its title, is a Canadian girl, of Scotch descent. It was published by Messrs. John Lovell & Son.

"The Duchess" is as busy as ever. Not long since "April's Lady" was reviewed in the magazines. Now "Her Last Throw" is demanding attention. Perhaps the name is significant. A Canadian edition has been brought out by Messrs. John Lovell & Son.

"The Robe of Nessus" is the title of a romance of Greek life in the fifth century before Christ, by Mr. Duffield Osborne, author of "The Spell of Ashtaroth." It is ably written, and is evidently the result of careful study of Grecian history. The Belford Company, New York, has brought it out.

The delightful "Conversations in a Studio" of W. W. Story, the sculptor, which were first contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, have reached a third edition. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, have just favoured the public with the work in two neat volumes from the Riverside press.

"Northern Studies," by Edmund Gosse, the latest volume of the Camelot series (Walter Scott), contains biographical and critical sketches of Hendrik Ibsen, Runeberg, four Danish poets and a sketch of Norwegian poetry since 1814. The introduction is written by Prof. Ernest Rhys, the editor of the series.

An important work by Sir J. W. Dawson, entitled "Modern Ideas of Evolution as related to Revelation and Science," has been published by the Religious Tract Society of England. It deals with the views of Haeckel, Wallace, Romanes, Le Conte, McCosh, and other Darwinians, and shows where, in the author's opinion, they are inconsistent with not only Revelation but Science.

"Stray Leaves from the Book of Wonders," with a preface by Hart Harlee, edited by Ben Zeene, is so full of cleverness and goodness, so pleasant to read and yet so sad to contemplate, that it demands more than the passing tribute of either tear or smile. To it, as to many other postponed, but not forgotten tasks, we shall return again. Meanwhile we may say that it is published by Davison Brothers, Wolfville, N.S.

"Was America Peopled from Polynesia?" is the question that Mr. Horatio Hale undertakes to answer in a paper contributed to the International Congress of Americanists at Berlin, in October, 1888, and which has been published in the Transactions of that important society. (Berlin: H. S. Herman). We know of no one on either side of the Atlantic more qualified by native gifts and by special knowledge to discuss such a problem. It is a paper of great interest to the student of American archaeology.

An important contribution to Canadian history—the Loyalist settlement in Ontario especially—is a work by Judge J. F. Pringle, of Cornwall, entitled "Lunenburg, or the Old Eastern District: Its settlement and early progress; with personal recollections of the town of Cornwall from 1824; to which are added a history of the King's Royal Regiment of New York and other corps, and the names of those who drew land in the Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry up to November, 1786." It is published by the Standard Printing House, Cornwall, and is a volume of very real historical value.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Curzon, we have been favoured with a copy of "The Battle of Queenston Heights," by Mr. Ernest Cruikshank—a thrilling narrative of the famous battle in which General Brock died defending his country. It was delivered as a lecture in December last at Drummondville, Ont., and is published by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Mr. Cruikshank has contributed largely to the elucidation of our history—of our battlefields especially—and his studies all show the research of an enthusiastic patriot and lover of the truth. We would be glad to see the series published in a volume.

The Rev. Henry Faulkner Darnell, author of "Philip Hazelbrook," "Flossy," and other works of fiction, has gained much credit by his later novel, "The Craze of

Christian Engelhart," published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. Mr. Darnell, who is a Canadian, has marked out for himself, in this story, a hitherto unattempted path of fiction. It is largely psychological, and the interest consists more in the struggles of a sensitive moral individuality with his own over-excited conscience than in any sensational contrivance of plot. Even as a narrative, however, it is not at all without interest, and is altogether a readable story.

Belle Borne Brooklet.*

"Well do we recall the time when this lordly demesne extended from Wolfefield, adjoining Marchmont, to the meandering Belle Borne Brook, which glides past the porter's lodge at Wolfefield, due west; the historic stream *Kuisseau Saint Denis*, up which clambered the British hero Wolfe, to conquer or die, intersecting it at Thornhill. The whole place is girt around by a zone of tall pine, beech, maple and red oaks, whose deep green foliage, when lit up by the rays of the setting or rising sun, assume tints of most dazzling brightness—emerald wreaths dipped into molten gold and overhanging under a leafy arcade, a walk which zigzags around the property, following to the southwest the many windings of the Belle Borne Streamlet."—*J. M. Lemoine, Esq., of Spencer Grange, Sillery*.

Fancies innumerable hover o'er thy name,
Thou silver thread of music winding down
To kiss the haunted waves that lisp of fame,—
Lapping gray crags 'neath a Canadian town.†—

Throned on a fortress-rock high in the north,
Long while the seat of Gallia's sons of war;
From whose worn walls, of old, Champlain looked forth,
Where Wolfe, expiring, deathless honours bore.

What proud-lit eyes survey the spacious scene,
And trace St. Charles along his verdant shore,
Cheered by his glow and Sillery's groves of green,
Where, hid in woods, thou sportest evermore!

What fairy presence dwells apart with thee,
O Belle Borne Streamlet! listening to thy voice,
Mingling thy ripples so melodiously,
It seems thou hast a soul that can rejoice!

Impregned with sweets from flowery meadows won,
Or woody odors, where the grove is high,
Thou court'st the mayflowers shade, or in the sun
Glancest at trillium, or blue violet nigh.

Of, with continuous laughter thou dost run
In mimic cascades down each stony stair,
Flinging thy crystal joy to air and sun,
Changing to gladness whatsoever is fair.

Thou sing'st aloud to Beauvoir's gay demesne,
In innocent mockery of the morning birds;
By Spencer Grange winds on thy creeping sheen,
Fond as the feeding flocks, or dreaming herds.

With thee the vesper chime is heard afar;
With the soft Angelus thou dost tinkling glide;
While the moon lights thee, or the twilight star,
And pale Romance sits hovering by thy side.

Some gentle nun has found thee her loved bourn;
Here fond-enamor'd lovers wont to stray;
Here the quaint scholar greets the dewy morn,
Sprinkling from Helicon the infant day.

Now newly hath the Spring thy sprite released,
Loos'd from dumb frost thy gleesome wave wins free;
The festival of song, the flowery feast,
And the long sunshine, bring thy jubilee.

The lofty swinging pines their nursing greet;
Replenish'd, the green maples thee espouse;
The household robin and the brown thrush sweet,
Make thee clear answer from their whispering boughs.

Perhaps, at Marchmont, from some hasty brink
Thou'lt take the swallow's kiss wild-answering,
The tipsy tumbler, saucy bobolink,
Leaving the wanton trifter on the wing.

With gay caprice, the golden butterfly
Shall flicker still where thy clear eye may see;
The insect dragon dart thy pools anigh,
While near thy shallows drones the burnie bee.

What tones may reach thee through thy guardian trees,
Where thou thy mystic converse holdest all,
From the rude, clangorous world, borne on the breeze?
Or dost thou note men's voices, when they call?

The thund'rous city, deaved from morn till night,
Where clamorous throngs fill all the walks of trade,—
The echoing gun from Stadacona's height,—
Say, can they pierce thy calm, contiguous shade?

Nay! for, however man may drudge and groan
Like some strong spirit, where Time holds no sway,
A thing of joyous light, content, alone,
Unstained thou takest youth's perpetual way;—

While by thy side the wight of weariness
May find the usury of tranquil thought;
May breathe soft healing from thy wave, and bless
The harmonizing spell by Nature brought.

Not missionless through Sillery's green domain,
O Belle Borne Brook, thou wanderest wild and free!
To gentle hearts with sylvan dreams again
Thou comest, and their singing is of thee.

—ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

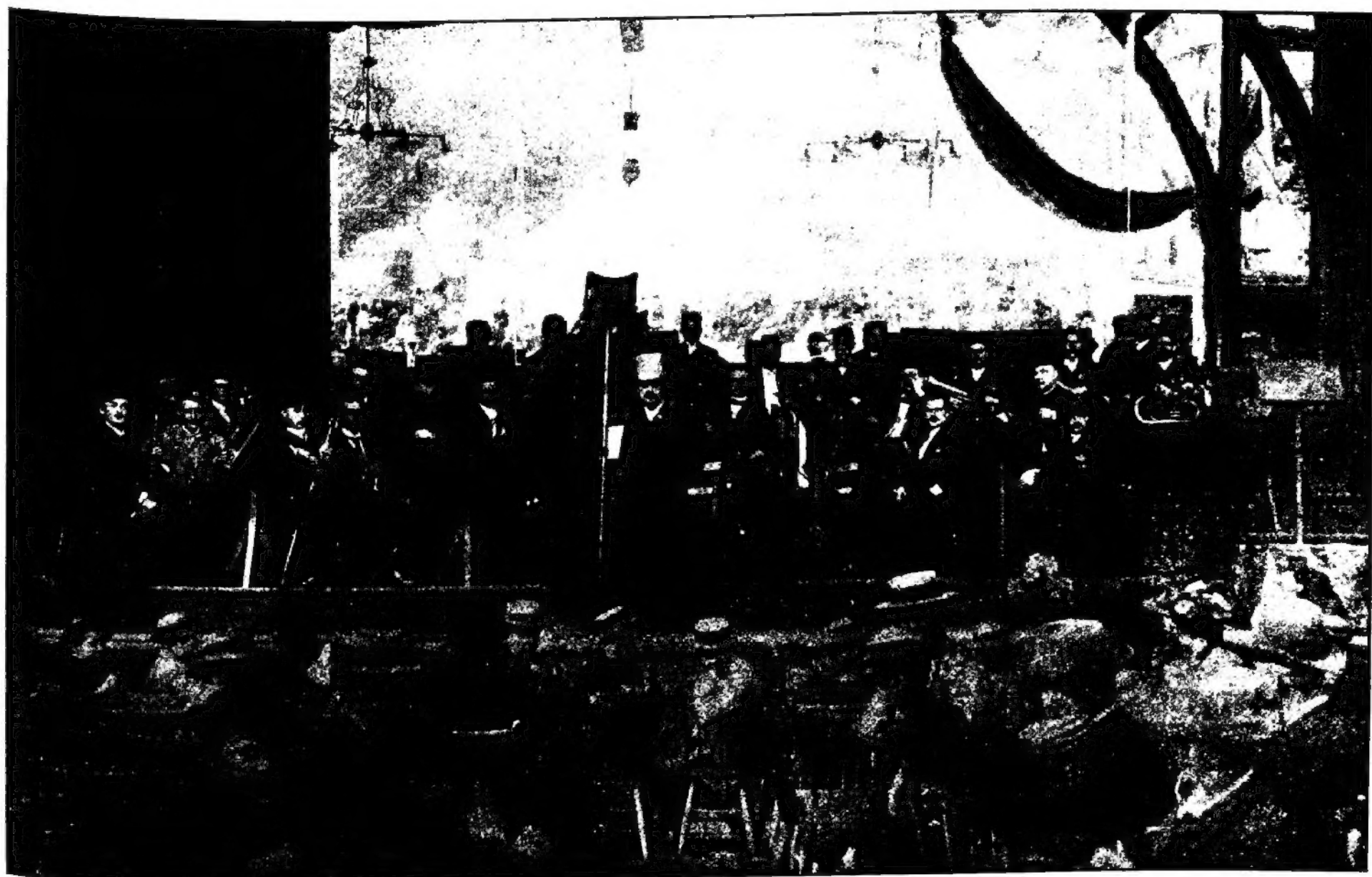
*Suggested by a beautiful lyric from the pen of Dr. J. M. Harper in a previous issue.
†Quebec, of which Sillery is one of the environs.
‡The Indian name of Quebec.



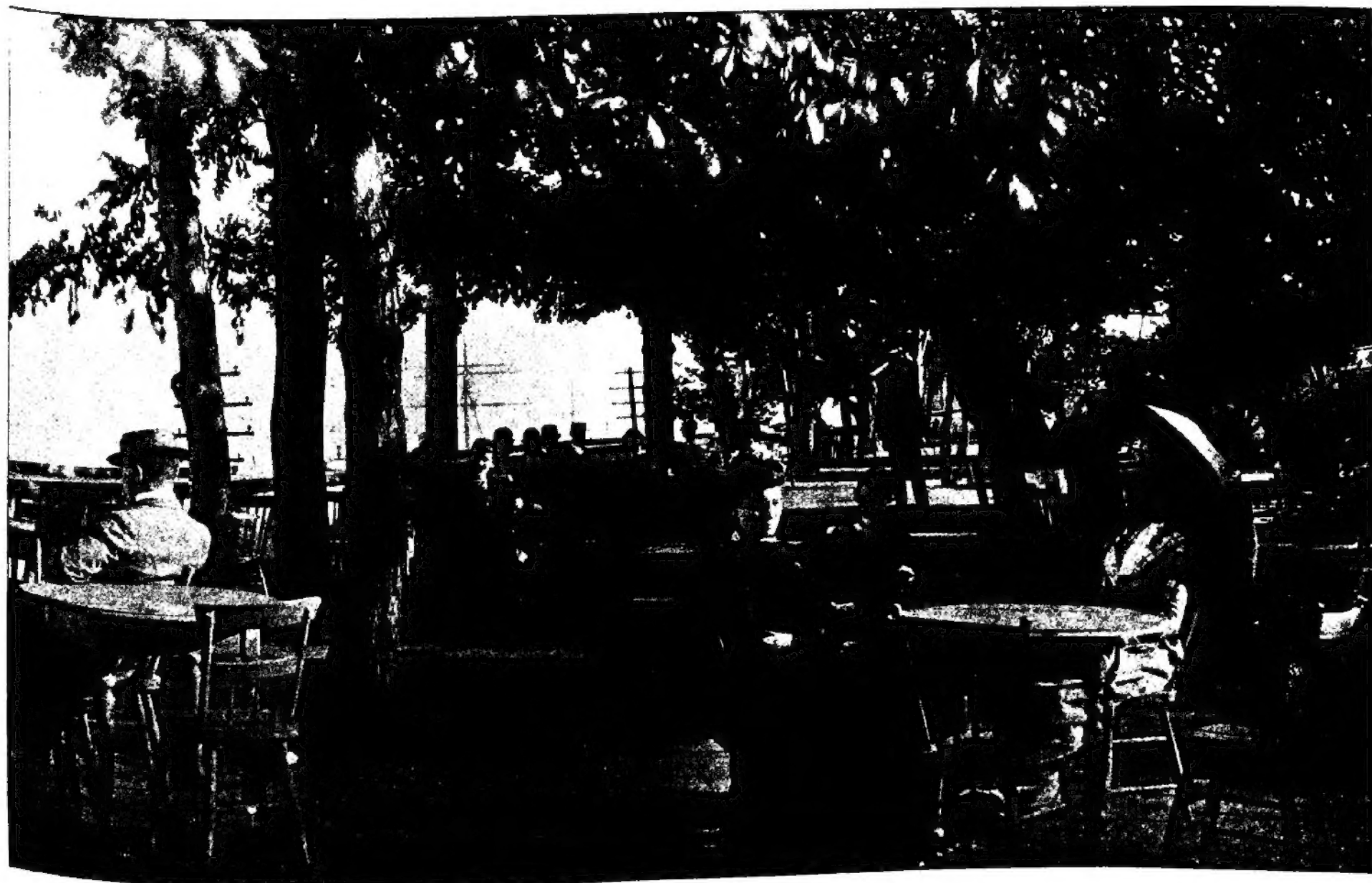
SOHMER PARK, MONTREAL: VIEW FROM ENTRANCE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



SOHMER PARK: VIEW FROM PROMENADE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



SOHMER PARK: MR. LAVIGNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



SOHMER PARK: THE PROMENADE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)

MISSING AT EIGHT BELLS.

I.

We never knew what his baptismal name was. He invariably answered to his professional appellation of "Jimmy Ducks" on board the *St. Vincent*, and never volunteered any information regarding the nomenclature used at the font by his god fathers and god-mothers.

It may be necessary to state at this point for the enlightenment of the unnautical reader that every deep water ship carries a sort of male "general slavey," to employ a favourite term of boarding-school autocrats, whose business it is to attend to the feeding, etc., of the pigs, sheep and ducks, which form part of the vessel's provisions for the voyage. Hence he is known officially by officers and men alike as "Jimmy Ducks," just as the carpenter is always "chips," and the cook, "doctor."

The *St. Vincent* was an Australian clipper of one thousand tons register, trading between London and Melbourne. It was in November, 1882, when seamen in the latter port were demanding £12 and £14 per month for the run home, that we shipped the particular "Jimmy," on whose behalf I have turned author. The number of desertions at that period was enormous, despite the most determined efforts of the Water Police to stop them, and it was almost impossible to get sailors at liberty to sign articles for the return voyage. Several ships lay off Western Point for months, unable to sail for lack of hands.

Our skipper, Captain Bowslaugh, did not suffer as severely in this respect as many others. He was an exceedingly acute, active man, and a stern disciplinarian, and he took every possible precaution to prevent his crew from giving him the slip. Nevertheless, a few men managed to elude his vigilance, and when we had loaded our cargo of wool, and the *St. Vincent* was ready to sail, she was rather under-manned for a vessel of her burden. The captain, however, decided to start with a reduced crew, instead of endeavouring to replace the missing men, and possibly losing money and more men in port.

It was on the day that we were advertised to sail that a queer looking creature stepped up the gangway and leaned over the side as he made the enquiry: "Is the 'old man' aboard?"

"You'll find him aft," said the bo'sun in charge of the gangway, eyeing him with suspicion as he passed him.

He shambled along with his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, until he reached the poop ladder. Captain Bowslaugh stood leaning over the break of the poop, smoking a cigar, and watching the men for'ard. The stranger pushed his broad brimmed wide-awake to the back of his head, and shading his eyes from the glare of the sun, looked up and said in quiet, drawing tones: "You're the boss?" The skipper raised his eyes as if he wanted to know the man's business, and then nodded affirmatively.

"You want a hand?"

"Yes; have you got a discharge?"

"No, guess not. I'm an American, and I've been kinder knocking around the world on my means." The skipper glanced at his outer man, and pulled an appreciative cloud of smoke. It reminded him forcibly of his own comfortable position in life and he felt more satisfaction than if the witticism had emanated from himself. This absorbent faculty is the compensation of the wealthy and respectable who do not possess wit.

"No, boss," continued the man, in the same low, painful key, "I'm no sailor, but I can work. I want you to give me a job; I don't care what it is. The fact is, I'm down on my luck. I've tramped from the Silverton mines, about four hundred miles over yonder," roughly indicating their situation with a jerk of his head, "and I need a good square meal badly. I guess your *chef* is about as good as another, eh? I'm not an epicure, at all."

The man was evidently not an ordinary vagabond, although there was no attempt in his manner or speech to impress the skipper in his favour. His very pose was indifference. He did not make a pretense of respectful deference or affected humility. He spoke with a kind of reckless despair. It seemed, indeed, as if he really took a sad pleasure in turning into ridicule his own abject misery, and that he looked upon this application as a finality, after which there was a choice of two alternatives—the river, or a prison. His face was greatly emaciated, but expressed neither hope nor doubt. He apparently entertained no thought of obtaining the employment he sought. This cynical indifference that appears on the surface is the peculiar expression of the last few shreds of self-respect and manhood to which a mind of somewhat finer fibre than the general ruck of men in the lower strata of society still clings, no matter to what depths of degradation its possessor may have fallen. It may be a morbidly egotistical, in effective plaint against the world—the defiance of a cripple who has, himself, thrown away his crutches but what a pitiable suggestion of dead aspirations and murdered hopes it contains for the charitable citizen of the world!

The appearance of the applicant was not at all prepossessing. It certainly endorsed his confession of poverty and hunger, but did not, so to speak, second and carry his motion for relief by an overwhelming majority. There was something repellent in his attitude and mien. He was tall, with long, lank limbs, which he did not appear to have strength enough to control; for, in spite of the heat, he was racked with an occasional and violent tremor. His clothes were torn and frayed, and no two articles were similar in texture or pattern. Indeed, so patched and discoloured were they, that it would have been a difficult matter to decide what had been the original design or

material of any one particular garment; and to complete his toilet and, as it were, put the last touch thereto requisite to make it quite unique, he wore a dilapidated riding-boot with a cream colored top on one foot, and a low patent-leather walking shoe on the other. His face was bronzed by exposure to the scorching sun, and his once evidently very handsome features had become so sharpened and drawn by the privations of the bush, despair and disappointment, or dissipation, or, possibly, all three combined, that they were positively painful to look upon. He was about thirty years of age, but his dark hair, long and unkempt, was thickly interspersed with streaks of gray, and he looked considerably older. The one redeeming feature about the man's personality was the flash of intelligence in his dark eyes when he suddenly lifted them up and shot a quick glance into those of his interlocutor. They were deep sunken eyes, and slightly bloodshot, but there was an unmistakable look of calm resignation to the inevitable, mingled with a something of debiant bitterness and non-chalance in them. The skipper was not a victim of sentiment, but he prided himself upon his shrewdness as a judge of character and his extensive knowledge of human nature. The man's eyes arrested his attention; there was some grit in him after all.

"I suppose you can't go before the mast," said Captain Bowslaugh, opinionatively. "but I'll take you as a deck-hand at £2 a month. Will that suit you?"

The man raised his eyes with a quick motion of surprise and acceptance, and then slowly withdrew his hands from his pockets as if he were detaching them from his corporate system. It immediately dawned upon him that now he was a man of affairs, and not an irrelevancy in nature; his hands had no business in pockets.

"Thank you, sir," he muttered almost incoherently as a lump rose in his throat. He hesitated, and seemed to be trying to overcome his sudden access of nervousness, and express his gratitude more fully. The sun, however, was in his eyes, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he stood bereft of all his despairing debonaire—a new man, aware of the true extent of his weakness and misery for the first time.

"All right," said the captain, "go for'ard now. You can sign the register this evening."

The new hand still hesitated and changed his position awkwardly; but, although his eyes were moist, he could not utter a word. Then he shuffled forward.

Captain Bowslaugh appreciated the man's silence more than the most voluble thanks. The skipper really was a student of human nature. He paced up and down the deck once or twice, and then, throwing the remnant of his cigar over the taffrail, descended to his cabin. He felt that inward sense of satisfaction that comes to the least selfish of us all when we know we have performed a worthy action. "I am glad I took that poor devil," he confided his reflection in a mirror as he settled the position of his neck-cloth; "I think he'll be a man I can depend upon."

"At 'eight bells,' as the crew were gathered round the huge "kid" containing their midday rations of stewed mutton and potatoes in the fo'castle, the bo'sun, who was considered the scholar and oracle of the circle, introduced the latest recruit to his future messmates. He made it the occasion of a neat little speech of which the following, robbed of a few superfluous superlatives, with which the actor usually garnished his discourse, is the sum and substance:

"Boys, allow me to introduce to your notice our new 'Jimmy.' He's one o' them darned shirkers wot won't work ashore 'cause of a cussed born tiredness of disposition, which 'bhges 'em to loaf and sponge on their pals. 'Uman nature's a conundrum, as I remember 'earing a lecturer chap say in Liverpool, and though I 'ave been a round this ere world a-many times I 'ave allus found it beyond me. 'Cause why? These same loafers are the very fellows wot goes off ter sea at wages they would turn their noses up at a shore, a-crowding us gen-u-line shell-backs, as don't ship from a pure love o' fresh air, out o' the per-feshion."

These sentiments met with the hearty approval of the sailors, and some personal remarks of that kind peculiar to a ship's fo'castle were directed at the new comer. Jimmy, however, did not heed, and continued his meal in silence. This evidence of a disagreeable, taciturn disposition provoked one of the men to express his contempt for him in such vigorous Anglo-Saxon that "Jimmy" raised his head for a moment and said, with intense calmness: "Well, boys, we must all live. If any of you object to my earning a good square meal, please state your reasons, and I will try to convince you that I have a right to sell my labour for what price I choose."

A fight probably would have ensued from this challenge, but the bo'sun, with one of those sudden and inconsequent changes of opinion frequent among sailors, recognized a kindred spirit in the man he had abused a few minutes previously and applauded the speech in a very hearty manner. The crew were silent.

The bo'sun was one of those peculiar, briny old fossils, only to be met with in a ship's fo'castle. He had spent the greater part of his life before the mast, and his ignorance of the world was only equalled by his own firm conviction that he was a hardened old reprobate, too well versed in the world's wicked ways to be deceived or contradicted on any point by any one. In this opinion he was supported by the crew. He often held forth by the hour together on Sunday afternoons, in fine weather upon the superlative qualities of former ships in which he had sailed. It was his one source of inspiration, and he made continual com-

parisons between the comfort then enjoyed and the accommodation provided in the present ship; it is needless to say that these comparisons were invariably to the disadvantage of the latter. He grumbled at the new hands on principle, and for the first few days out at sea he swore at the crew on all occasions, whether they acted rightly or wrongly, so as to get them accustomed to his mode of command. But after all he was not an unkindly man at heart, and would never permit his bullying prerogative to be shared by anybody else for'ard.

That evening our new hand signed the register as a member of the ship's company. He wrote in a clear, distinct and rapid hand, "James Smith, New York," upon the sheet, and the words stood out in curious contrast to crabbed and distorted characters of the other signatures. The skipper knew that this was only a formality, and that "Jimmy's" real name was something altogether different. He was not particular, however, about trifles as long as his men proved themselves capable.

II.

The *St. Vincent* sailed with the next tide.

To the surprise of his messmate, "Jimmy" did not suffer in the least with sea-sickness. He was very reticent as to his antecedents, but when questioned upon his immunity from the *mal de mer*, he explained it by saying that although he had never shipped as a "deck hand" before in his life, he had circumnavigated the globe several times. The fact was stated with all due modesty, and was made patent by the dexterous way in which he handled the ropes, when his occasional assistance was required. All sorts of stories circulated about the ship as to his former position in life, and in spite of his quiet, unassuming manners and dispassionate tone at all times, he was looked upon as something of an aristocrat, and a feeling of dislike grew up against him among the men. The life of a deck-hand at sea is not a bed of roses, and the new hand evidently found his duties distasteful, but still he never shirked his work. The bo'sun was absolutely satisfied with him. He would use some of his strangest and strongest oaths in commendation of his willingness, quickness and other good qualities, and generally made no secret of his liking for him. This, of course, had the effect of increasing the ill-will borne him by the rest of the crew.

During the next few weeks we experienced very heavy weather without intermission, and made but slow progress. The men were discontented on account of not having succeeded in obtaining the high wages ruling in Melbourne, and the continual demand made upon their patience and the loss of sleep and rest entailed by the variable winds, did not tend to lessen the bad feeling already existing between the men and their officers. It must be confessed, too, that there was considerable disposition upon the part of Captain Bowslaugh to "haze" the men, and there was nothing but dirty weather and black looks from one week's end to the other.

To make matters worse, one of the best seamen on board, an old Norwegian named Christiansen, fell ill. He kept up as long as he possibly could, poor fellow, because sailors hate to have a sick man aboard, and partly because they believe sickness brings bad luck at sea, and partly because he cannot perform his share of the duties, and it devolves upon the rest.

One night, in the middle watch, Christiansen was at the wheel. He was standing under the weather-cloth, the wind being a little abaft the beam, with a heavy sea on. Mr. Gates, the first mate, who was in charge of the watch, suddenly noticed the ship fly up in the wind at the same moment that a mountainous sea struck her, flinging all the sails aback.

With an oath he sprang to the wheel and put the helm hard up.

"What the devil is the matter, Christiansen!" he cried angrily to the man who lay prone on the deck at his feet.

"I couldn't help it, sir; I'm sorry, but I can stand it no longer. I've been ailing since a few days after we sailed. I fear I'm a diving man."

The mate blew his whistle, and the bo'sun came aft in response.

"Here, bo'sun, help this man for'ard; he's sick. Then tell Elgersson to come aft and relieve me of the wheel. And, Dick,"—as the bo'sun was about to lift up the sick man and go—"git the old man to have a look at Christiansen. A little hot brandy might pull him together."

The bo'sun half supported, half dragged the unfortunate man for'ard. Jimmy was lying awake in his bunk smoking a pipe, as they appeared at the top of the companion.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" cried the bo'sun.

"Yah."

"Here, help us to get this man into his bunk. He's sick."

Jimmy sprang out of his bunk in an instant, and assisted the bo'sun with his burden down the ladder, and after a good many efforts, on account of the violent motion of the vessel, they succeeded in getting the man between his blankets.

When the bo'sun had gone on deck again, one of the watch below, lying in an opposite bunk, turned and, shading his eyes from the light of the lamp, looked across at the sick man.

"Oh, it's you, ye darned Dutchman,"—every man on board ship who is not English or American, is called a Dutchman—"and you're going to shirk, eh? As if we hain't got enough to put up with on this darned ship, 'sides a working for loafers."

(To be continued.)

A LITERARY RETROSPECT.

BY THE LATE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D., ETC.

(Concluded from last number.)

Whilst the Jesuits, the Quebec Seminary, the Sulpicians and the Ursulines were labouring at higher education, those pious mendicants, with the daughters of Sister Bourgeois and some lay teachers—the first de Vaudreuil had established a number of them—were imparting primary instruction.

If, as Charlevoix and Kalm have hinted, our young people were somewhat frivolous in their tastes and habits, as the manners of the time when those two writers visited the colony would lead us to expect, it is no less true that centres of light and science existed then as now, and those who represent the mass of people as plunged in darkness and ignorance, have no foundation for their assertion. After the Conquest, it must be confessed, there was a sad hiatus. I say so without bitterness, but not without emotion, for a long time we were the disinherited of two nations. Our old Mother Country had abandoned us; our new Mother had not yet adopted us. Almost all the educated class, except the clergy, a few seigneurs and lawyers, had returned to France; the two religious orders of which I have been speaking, had been suppressed; all the schools which they had conducted were closed. There were no more relations with France, no more books. Happily the printing press was soon set up. Our earliest Canadian publications were school books and religious works. Such books answered the most deep-seated wants. It was some time before newspapers were started, and even then, they had at first but small influence either on politics or literature. Two seats of enlightenment had, however, survived—the Seminaries at Quebec and Montreal. Thanks to those institutions, when constitutional government was established, there were among the French-Canadians as many and even more men adapted for political life than among their English contemporaries. Panet, the elder Papineau, Pierre Bédard, de Lotbinière, Taschereau, Blanchet, were among the glories of our early political life. Later the younger Papineau, Vallières, Viger, La Fontaine, Morin, and a crowd of others, walked in their steps. Politics also gave us our first writers. Bédard and Blanchet in the *Canadien* of 1810, and later on Morin and Parent. Poetry, timid at first, was limited to pastoral or didactic subjects, such as the works of Quesnel, of Mermet and of Bibaud. At a later period the patriotic muse arose full of distress and wrath. We had the dithyrambs of Angers, of Barthe, of Turcotte and Garneau. Then came Lenoir and Crémazie, precursors of the brilliant pleiad of to-day. Bibaud, Garneau, Ferland and Paillon soon made our history known. Garneau's work marked a new era, it was the starting-point of our historical studies.

Science was cultivated in our colleges. Messrs. Bédard, Demers and several others were its worthy adepts. I need only mention the High School of Mr. Wilkie, where such men as Andrew Stuart and Thomas Aylwin obtained their education. The Royal Institution and the project of a university had as yet no appreciable results. The legislature and the parishes had established parish schools, which, in 1836, were already numerous, when the necessary grant was rescinded by the Legislative Council. Several new colleges had also arisen to supplement those of Quebec and Montreal. In 1837, then, it appears, there was a temporary check to the progress of education, while the higher or classical education, as Lord Durham mentions in his Report, had given excellent results and continued to expand.

Coming to institutions of the nature of that which we inaugurate to-day, I find that the first attempt of the kind was made in 1809. The Literary Society, established in Quebec that year, took for its motto the words, *Fluereamus in nemoribus*, a motto which at that date, when the forest primeval extended from the walls of Quebec to Hudson's Bay, was quite appropriate. On the eve of the birthday of George III., whom I have already mentioned, the society offered prizes for a poetical competition, the earliest being the celebration of the monarch's virtues. An English poem, composed by Mr. Fleming, and a French piece by a writer who signed himself *Canadensis*, obtained the prizes. Addresses were delivered by M. Romain, President of the Society, and by Mr. Louis Plamondon, one of the glories of the Canadian Bar, and the director of one of our earliest literary journals, the *Courier de Quebec*. The existence of this first society was not of long duration. First publications, first reviews, first organizations of this kind are like forlorn hopes. Those who follow them triumphantly must pass over their bodies.

The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, founded by Lord Dalhousie in 1824, and which still exists, only succeeded the society just mentioned, by, as will be seen, a considerable interval. Since 1848 it has had a rival in the *Institut Canadien de Quebec*, to which the educated young men speaking the French language choose by preference to belong. The Natural History Society, the *Société Historique*, the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, the Canadian Institute of Toronto, the Geographical Society of Quebec, the *Institut Canadien-Français*, of Ottawa, and other societies of like aim in other cities of the Dominion, have laboured, and still labour, in the advancement of science and literature. The task which such societies have to perform in a country comparatively new is not an easy one. Their object is twofold—the progress of science and letters and the making of them popular.

For that purpose it is not so much an Academy that is needed as the lecture-room and the public library. But in proportion as learning advances, and the standard of literature is elevated, when high scientific careers become possible, the two functions just indicated may be separated and institutions of a higher and more exclusive character may be expected, with the aid of the government, to prosper. Have we yet reached that point? The time is passed for raising that question. It has been decided by a superior and impartial authority which has judged our intellectual and literary progress more favourably than we would have ventured to do ourselves. I have given a rapid sketch of the progress of this movement, as far as concerns the oldest province in the Dominion. In recent years how much it has accelerated! The great universities, Laval, McGill, Toronto, Lennoxville, Dalhousie, numerous colleges, normal schools, a complete system of public instruction have spread the taste for science and learning all over the land. Literary and scientific publications have become numerous; the works of some of our writers are known even beyond the confines of Canada.

For us, the descendants of the early colonists, the times have greatly changed since that evil day when we were, as I have said, the disinherited of two nations. To-day our new motherland accords us an enlightened protection and opens up to us a path of prosperity and importance to which no limits are assigned. On the other hand, our ancient Mother Country has remembered us, and now there exist between us and her relations both gracious and advantageous, such as there were in the days of Colbert and of Talon. Nor has literature been without its share in bringing about this reconciliation. If science and industry, by means of the three great Paris exhibitions, contributed to the desired end, it may be said that our historians and poets were the first to make us known to our old motherland, while they showed her the most glorious and touching pages of our history, pages which until then had been hidden in the shades of oblivion. One of our colleagues here present is a proof of what I affirm.

Again, for some years back, it seems to me, Canadian works in the French language are better known to the British population of Canada than used to be the case in former times, while the Anglo-Canadian poets, prose writers and men of science are better appreciated than formerly by their French compatriots.

The moment, therefore, was well chosen for the convocation within these Parliament Buildings of that other parliament of men of Letters and Science, less noisy than that which generally occupies this place, but whose debates, if they do not arouse men's passions, like those of politics, will be no less useful. Here are now met men of both nationalities, of all shades of opinion, of all parties in the country. The whole circle of the sciences can here fraternize, and literature and history can embrace each other.

Science has, in these days which test humanity, a mission more difficult than ever. Its responsibility was never greater than now. It has been reproached with having waged open war with revealed religion, with attempting to sap, by a destructive materialism, all the foundations of morality, of denying the existence both of Divine Providence and of human conscience. On the other hand, the powerful physical agents which it has discovered and placed within reach of the vulgar, have already given to those pernicious doctrines a terrible sanction. Unless care is taken, the moral ruin which those doctrines would bring to men's souls will be followed by material catastrophes equally terrible. From this point of view, it is a satisfactory assurance to have at the head of our new society a man who has struggled so long and so successfully for religious ideas in the domain of science, and who has won a reputation therefor both in the United States and Europe, which is well merited.

In the Old World there seems to be a reaction in favour of Christianity. The last reception at the French Academy is a proof of this fact. This great society crowns literary talent wherever it is found,—at the bar, in the Christian pulpit, at the orator's tribune, in the other sections of the Institut. It comprises in its vast jurisdiction all the branches of human knowledge, for in them all there is room for the application of the arts of speaking well and writing well. Biot and other savants have been admitted to the number of its members, and quite recently M. Pasteur, so celebrated for his discoveries in the matter of virus and microzoaires, delivered his reception discourse and delivered the *éloge* of his predecessor, Littré, who, though the disciple of the Positivist, Comte, died holding views quite different. The discourse of the new Academician is an able and eloquent vindication of the rights of religion, and reveals to us the existence of God the Creator and of the human soul made in his image. He cites these words of Littré:—"Mankind must have a spiritual bond. Otherwise there would be in society only isolated families, hordes, in fact, instead of a true society." After showing that metaphysics, so disdained by the Positivist school, only translates within us the dominating idea of the infinite, he proclaims in these words of the highest philosophic elevation, the existence of that image of Divine power which is outside of man, but which in certain respects is man himself.

"The Greeks," he says, "have bequeathed us one of the most beautiful words in our language, the word *enthousiasm*—*en theos*—a god within us. The grandeur of human

actions is measured by the inspiration which originates them. Happy he who carries within him a god, an ideal of beauty which obeys him; an ideal of art, ideal of science, ideal of gospel virtues. These are the living sources of great actions. Everything is made light by the reflection of the infinite."

Perhaps I have too long abused the kindness of this distinguished audience. At any rate I will leave my hearers under the charm of the words which I have just cited. But, before I close my address, I would, in the name of the whole society, thank His Excellency for the interest which he takes in Science and Letters. And more particularly, on behalf of the first section to which I belong, I thank him for the place of honour which he has so graciously given to French literature and the history of Canada in the organization of the society.

In a Scrap Album.

TO D. W.

One heroine there is in Scottish song,
To whom in thought I often liken thee;
As gleams the daisy thro' rathe grasses long
Thy sweet face shines my "Bonnie Bessie Lee,"

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

Asleep in the Old Arm Chair.

"Oh, like a dove so sweet
And fair and pure thou art,
I gaze at thee and tears
Steal into my full heart.

I cannot choose but lay
My head on thy soft hair,
And pray that God may keep thee
As sweet and pure and fair.

And, oh! when thou art gathered
To thy home beyond the skies
Oft will I think I see thee
Through the bright blue heavens, thy eyes

And thy lips, so warm and ruby,
Oft will appear to call
For the lover thou'lt leave behind thee
In this dark, forsaken hall.

Thy face now radiant with beauty
To me always seems to shine
With a bloom that surpasses the earthly,
And can be naught else than divine."

Hush! she awakes with a shudder
And starts when she sees who it is,
Then throws her fair arms o'er my shoulders
And smothers me with a kiss.

"Oh, Nellie, my love and my darling,
I caught you fast asleep
In that dear old-fashioned arm chair,
And I couldn't help but peep

And the thoughts that came to my mind then
Were the thoughts of the bitter pain
I would feel were you taken from me
That I ne'er should see you again."

"Oh, banish such thoughts," says Nellie,
"And don't worry now, my dear,
For you may wish all this had happened
Before we've been married a year."

Ottawa.

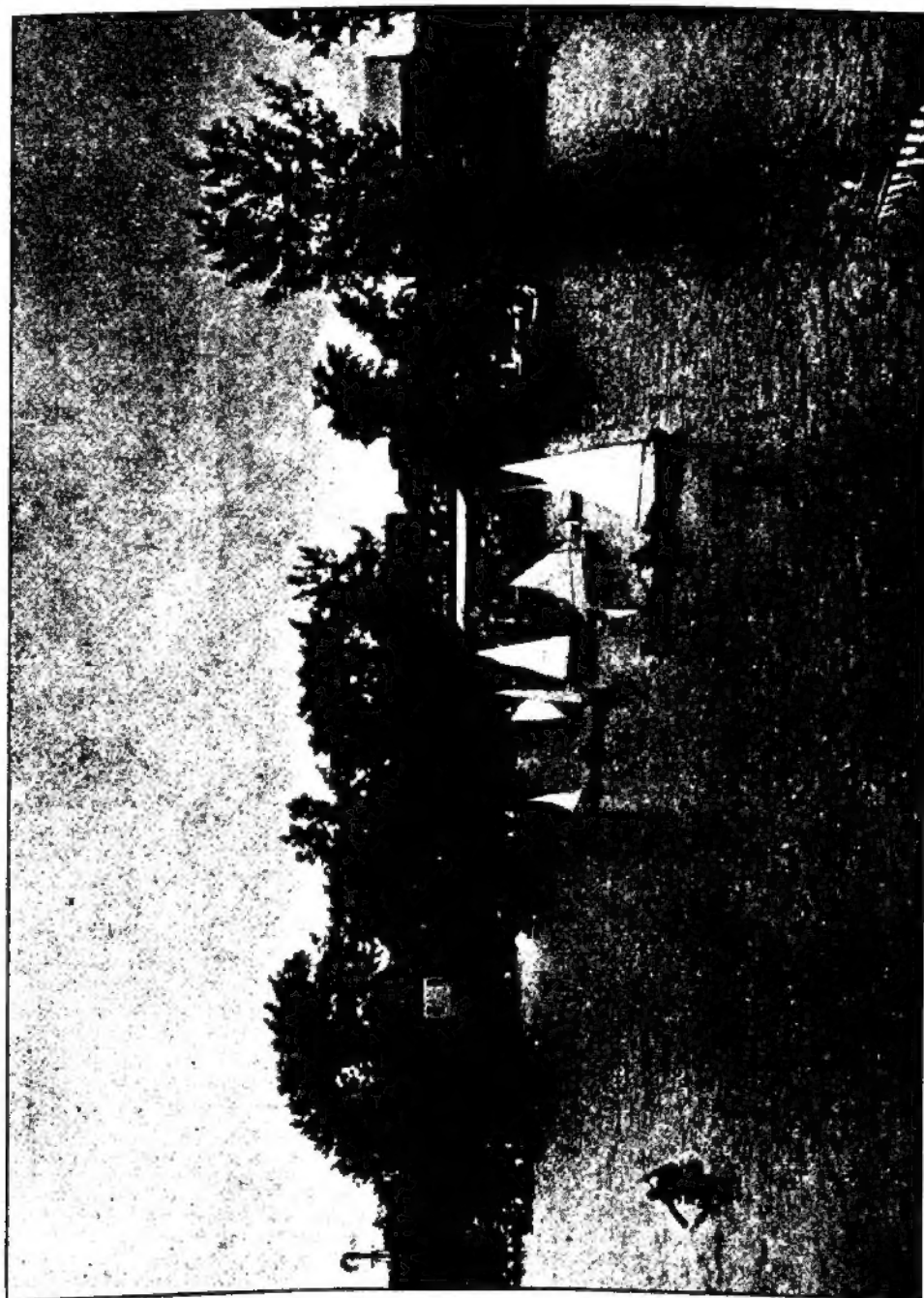
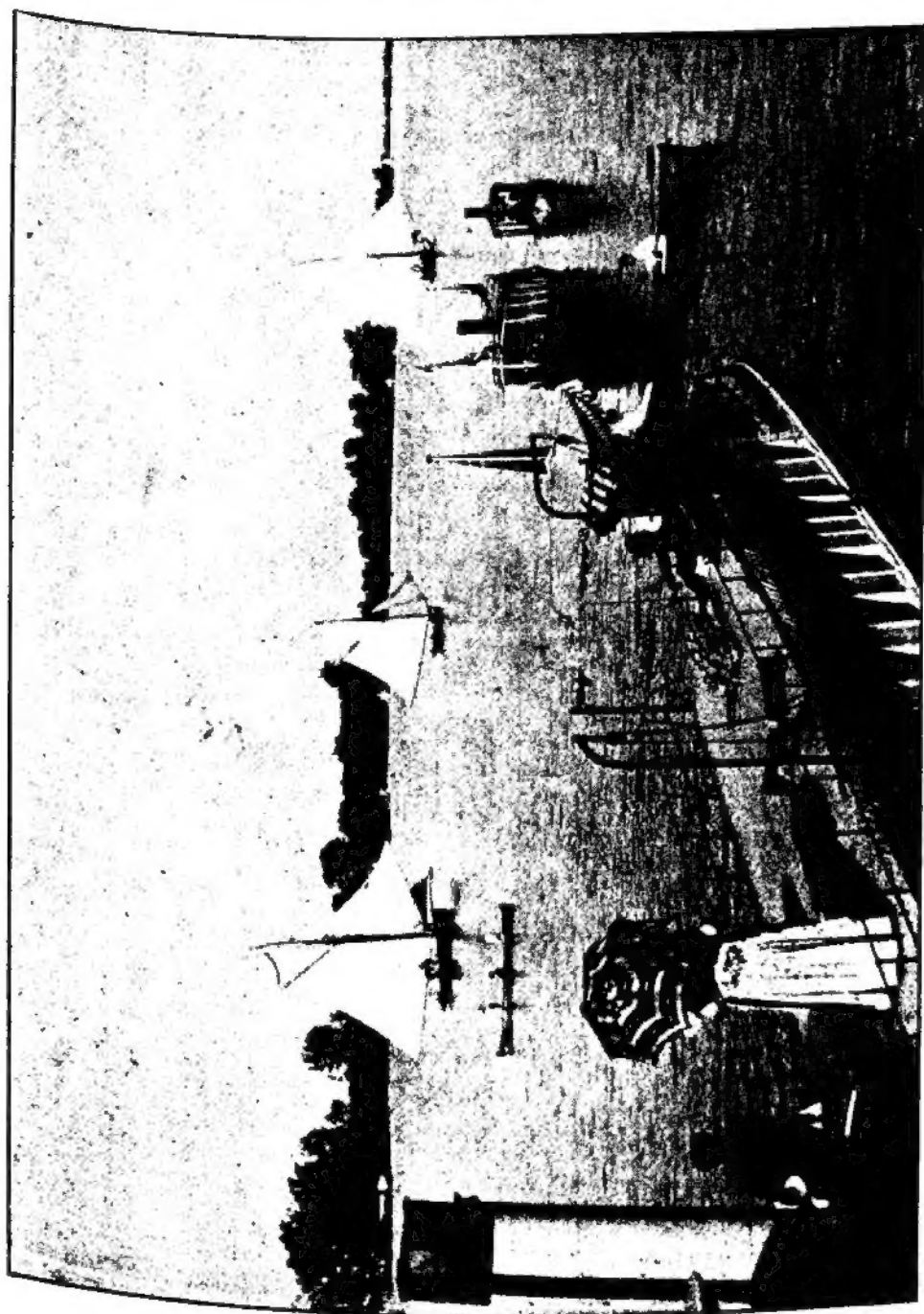
ALEXANDER S. POTTS.

Liszt in England.

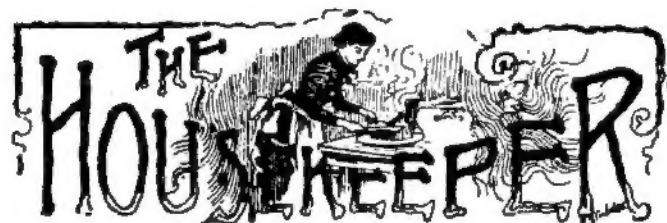
Liszt's former triumphs in England were destined to be eclipsed by the enthusiasm of the reception which awaited him when he was prevailed upon to return in 1866. In 1824 George IV. had given the sign to the aristocracy of homage to the child-prodigy; and his visits in the following year and in 1827 were successful enough. In 1840-41 the Queen's favour was accorded to him, and he shared with Thalberg a reputation as a skilful pianist in fashionable circles. But it was not until 1886 that the vast popularity which had hitherto been withheld from him, owing to the conditions of musical life in our country, was meted out to him in full measure. "There is no doubt," says a musical critic, "that much of this enthusiasm proceeded from genuine admiration of his music, mixed with a feeling that that music, for a number of years, had been shamefully neglected in this country, and that now, at last, the time had come to make amends to a great and famous man, fortunately still living. It is equally certain that a great many people who were carried away by the current of enthusiasm—including the very cabmen in the streets, who gave three cheers for the 'Habby Liszt'—had never heard a note of his music, or would have appreciated it much if they had. The spell to which they submitted was a purely personal one; it was the same fascination which Liszt exercised over almost every man and woman who came into contact with him."



THE KITTEN; from the painting by F. Vine.
(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Sunlight Photograph Company.)



THE REGATTA AT STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, 12th JULY. (Cumming & Brewis, photos.)



PRESSED CHICKEN.—Stew your chicken until the meat leaves the bones, chop the meat (together with three or four hard boiled eggs), finally return to the stew kettle wherein a very little of the broth (free from fat) has been left. Salt and pepper to taste, and stir well. Then turn into your mould, put a platter on top of the vessel you use to press it in, and a heavy weight on the platter. When cold if properly prepared, it will turn out like a mould of jelly, and can be sliced in smooth, even slices, making not only a very palatable but an attractive dish prepared on Saturday for Sunday's dinner. Prepare beef in the same manner. You can prepare it as well without eggs as with.

The sand bag is invaluable in the sick room. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing in the oven or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or bricks. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed.

Asparagus a la creme is one of the most delicious of soups, yet is seldom found except on tables where the cook is an accomplished chef. It is not difficult to prepare. First cut the points off a bunch of asparagus, and lay them aside. Cut up the remainder of the asparagus in small pieces, and add to it a pint of white stock, with a fried onion, and cook the whole till it is tender enough to pass through a puree or flour sieve. After straining the soup add a pint of boiling milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and finally the asparagus "peas." Let the soup cook ten minutes longer, stirring carefully all the time. If the "peas" are large, it is better to parboil them in a little stock before adding them to the soup for this boiling. Add a cup of boiling cream last of all, and serve the soup, if you wish with dropped eggs. It is more delicate, however, with croutons of dry toasted bread.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

VACATION.

How to keep cool is a question which is at present exercising the minds of most people; everything else fades into insignificance; not even the burning question of whether we shall annex the United States has power to rouse any enthusiasm. Humanity, tall and short, thin and stout, wearily toil along beneath the blazing sun of July, and woe to the one who is rash enough to attempt to discuss any weighty matter, particularly if the one addressed is burdened with a superabundance of flesh—*for example*, a dialogue which took place at a street corner the other day: "What do you think of the Heligoland question, Smith?" "Think!" indignantly answered the stout party, a savage gleam darting from his eyes as he mopped his face with a many-coloured bandanna. "Think sir! do you know what the thermometer is?" "Bless me! no I don't," the other was heard to murmur as he was left gazing at the retreating figure of the owner of the bandanna, which was being vigorously used.

Many kindly hints are given at this season on the advisability of taking life calmly. On no account is one to be in a hurry. The stately, philosophical bearing of the dude is recommended, who, even when his immaculate collar hangs limp, and the waxed ends of his moustache droop, pursues his way as leisurely as before, the only signs of discomfort is the more deeply mournful look that shadows his face.

Fancy! busy housewives, what an advantage to cultivate this superb calmness amidst the trials of the preserving season, when the jelly proves obstinate and won't set, and the fruit which your grocer assured you was "just picked from the bushes" proves a "snare and a delusion," as you go below the surface, or when a gem suddenly bursts in your hand and the scalding fruit runs down your arm, remember the advice—be calm, and endanger not your health by worry.

Eat slowly, and eat but little meat; drink no alcoholic fluids; don't get excited, and under no circumstances run for a train or a street car.

Many have already left for country and seaside to escape the hot wave. For those who cannot remain long in one place, the most satisfaction can be got from a visit to the sea. As some one lately said, the first whiff of the salt air acts like a tonic on tired nerves, quickening the blood through the veins with a buoyancy that expends itself in the freedom of holiday life. Of course, we are speaking to those who go away for a real vacation; by real, we mean the opposite to that of spending one's time lounging on the veranda and wondering how existence can be passed till evening, which brings the sole pleasure—the ball-room—

with its wearisome sameness to the life which ought to have been left behind if health for the coming winter is desired. What can such a one know of the joyous gladness of a vacation spent as much as possible in the open air? What matters it if sunburn and freckles do come, they soon wear away, but the impressions gained by the free intercourse with Nature is never effaced from the soul.

And amidst the thousand petty cares and worries of life there comes at times, like some half-forgotten sweet memory of old, a vision of a pleasant picture of a cool nook in the woods, or the sound of the surf dashing among huge masses of rock.

Walking, anywhere, is a delightful exercise, but perhaps nowhere is it more enjoyable than by the sea, where you can walk for miles on the smooth sand with the breeze blowing fresh and strong, while from time to time you pause to admire some of the many wonders left by the retreating tide. Oh, veranda loungers! What know ye of the joy of feeling your blood, after such a walk, coursing through the veins with a wild, exuberant freedom which makes the walker know nothing of blue fits, dyspepsia and the many aches and fancies which so many women now-a-days complain of. No wonder!

Bathing is another attraction, and the best time of the day for sea-bathing is about two or three hours after eating, and preferably in the forenoon. It may be borne in mind that the beach and the waves themselves are generally cleaner during the ebb tide than during the flood; and also that it is desirable that the air, as well as the sea, should be warm when one is bathing. The first bath of the season should be a brief one, lasting no longer than is necessary to wet the body from head to foot. In bathing, as in other things, custom hardens; and at the end of your holiday you may remain in the water with impunity for a length of time that would have been highly dangerous a few weeks earlier.

Every woman should take advantage of the buoyancy of salt water to learn that much neglected art—swimming—and in the freedom of her bathing dress this could easily be learnt. What a difference between the bathing dress of former years and that of the present. It grows more elaborate every year. The latest is that worn by an Englishwoman. It is made of black satin—the heavy, glossy quality that comes with a linen back. The bodice is laid over a tight-fitting lining of jean which is enough support to the figure to enable the wearer to dispense with the stiff corset which many bathers consider indispensable. It is high up about the throat and buttoned securely with jet balls. The satin is gathered back and front, and the fullness is "gaged" from the bust line down to a few inches below the waist, where a full skirt reaching nearly to the knee is set on with a "buttercup shirring." There are no sleeves. In each armhole is set a crescent shaped piece, which laces across several times at the shoulder and is tied with a black silk cord. Black silk tights, with small satin trunks and shoes of soft black felt that are very pointed at the toes, somewhat like the "Shoon" of the period of Richard III., complete this outfit. The fair owner says that satin holds its own against the onslaught of the soft sea waves better than any known fabric. It doesn't cling too closely, and wetting rather improves its lustre. Picturesque, certainly, but a prettily made flannel one seems to be more appropriate. Then again, some women do not care how dowdy they look in the water, and with their different coloured stripes look like escaped convicts; so, between the two extremes, a happy medium might be chosen.

Another pastime, which if you are a good sailor is the beau ideal of all pastimes, is that of yachting. What can be more exhilarating than bounding through the water with a good breeze blowing, and a pleasant crew, which, alas! is not always the case. Here is an instance of how one fussy individual may spoil a sail. A gentleman, at least he called himself such, insisted that his wife should bring the baby to get the benefit of the breeze. Poor woman, what a time she had of it between the baby and her husband, who kept up a continual run of nagging at his wife the whole time. It was "Now, Lucy, pray keep the baby quiet, and don't hold it like that; dear, dear, can't you sit still? What ever made you put on such a fright of a hat? I told you before I couldn't bear it. And I hope the next time you go for a sail you will be ready in time. You kept us all waiting."

Lucy mildly—"You told me not to wake the baby if she was sleeping, and so that delayed me."

"Now, how was I to know she would sleep so long. Dear, what a lurch! Captain, don't you think we are going too fast? My gracious, what a wave!"

"Oh, John, do you really think there is danger?" cried his poor little wife.

"There, of course, you must go and get excited; just like you, you ought to have stayed behind," which, no doubt she only wished she had been allowed to do. On the return, the wind dropped, and the crew looked despairingly at each other, for private theatricals were to be held that evening, and most of the actors were on board. The wrath of the fussy man rose to an awful height, for was it not indispensable that he should be there? Who could so well take the part of the balcony scene in Romeo as himself? While the rest of the crew made the best of it they could, his martyr wife got it more and more—though what she had to do with the lack of wind was a mystery. This interesting conversation with his wife had been carried on in an undertone, but it could not but be overheard by the rest, who longed to get rid of him by pitching him overboard. So, if possible, choose your crew from those who will make things pleasant. But remember, if you are not a good sailor let nothing tempt you to venture on a long

sail. If it is your first venture, go for a short distance, and only with a stiff breeze blowing.

Seek those for company who will make you feel cheerful, who take a bright view of life; not necessarily always agreeing with you, for a lively antagonist is a good thing sometimes. But keep away from all who nag and worry—those who are perpetually finding fault. You know what they are like. You have doubtless met them before. Nothing pleases them—if it is not the food, it is the people. Do not be inveigled into their company.

Then, for this free, out-door life, wear clothes which will not restrict your movements and which you are not afraid of spoiling; for instance, nothing can look neater or nicer than the full skirt of pretty tennis flannel and the sailor blouse, put on the first thing in the morning and changed only for evening. "What! not dress for dinner," exclaim our veranda friends. No, for you generally just arrive in time for dinner, and, after half an hour's rest, out again till tea, and it would only be a waste of time to don an elaborate toilette.

And now, once more we repeat to thoroughly enjoy a vacation spend it in sunshine, fresh air and pleasant company. And you will return with a reward in health, which will carry you through the winter without the aid of drugs.

Ethics of Dining.

No doubt we all of us eat and drink more than we need. The teetotallers have their crusade against our drinking, but surely some similar organization is required against over-eating. It may be said of many a man that he digs his grave with his teeth. The experience of most medical men is that an overwhelming proportion of disease arises from errors in diet. The first thing which the doctor has to do is to limit, weigh, and select the patient's diet. Perhaps the patient rebels. Like the northern farmer, he must have his glass of yale. Said a countryman one day: "I takes all the things I likes, and let them fight it out among themselves." But this cannot be done with impunity. Nature makes the dullest comprehend her teachings. At first she speaks in a gentle whisper, and presently in a voice of thunder. At first it is very irksome and wearisome to fret and fight under a lot of arbitrary rules. But we find that, like better men, we must go into training. And by-and-by we may have to find it makes an intellectual amusement, so to speak, to be playing at chess with gout, or dyspepsia, or Bright's disease, or *angina pectoris*. For all these perils lie insidiously in wait for those who dine "not wisely, but too well." A man who lives moderately, in point of fact, gets better dinners, and gets them for a longer time. He finds out that there is an æstheticism in these things. Better even to live long on mutton chops and toast-and-water than to be ill on viands and liquors that transcend the natural strength. It is as well to live with as much refinement and good taste as possible, but even the wise heathen could tell us that we should not "live to eat, but eat to live."

Jane Austen's Birthplace.

Steventon, where Jane Austen was born, may be seen from the railway between Basingstoke and Popham Beacon; but the parsonage has long been pulled down. It is said to have been a square, comfortable-looking house on the other side of the valley to the present one; it was approached from the road by a shady drive, and was large enough to contain not only all the Austens and their household, but at different times many other people as well. It had a good sized old-fashioned garden, which was filled with fruit and flowers in delightfully indiscriminate confusion, and sloped gently upwards to a most attractive terrace. Every reader of "Northanger Abbey" will identify this terrace with a smile. From the parsonage garden there was a curious walk to the church; it was what the natives of Hampshire call "a hedge" which may be explained to those who are not natives of Hampshire, as a footpath, or even sometimes a cart track, bordered irregularly with copse wood and timber, far prettier than the ordinary type of English hedge, and forming a distinctive characteristic of the county. Jane Austen displayed her Hampshire origin when she made Anne Elliott, in "Persuasion," overhear Captain Wentworth and Louisa Musgrave in the hedge-row behind her, as if making their way down the rough, wild sort of channel down the centre.

Humour in Music.

But, admitting that humorous music does exist, in what does its humour consist? The answer is, that in music, as in literature, humour is chiefly to be sought in (1) sudden and unexpected contrasts of thought or language, (2) grotesque exaggeration and (3) burlesque. To all three of these forms of humour Beethoven was equally addicted, and added besides a farcical fun all his own, sometimes exhibited in allotting a passage to an instrument unsuited to it, and upon which it sounds absurd. The bassoon is the usual victim on such occasions. To class I belong such passages as the middle of the first movement of the Symphony No. 8, the imitation of birds in the slow movement of the "Pastoral," and the tipsy bassoon in the scherzo of the same, the wrong entry of the horn in the Eroica and its indignant suppression by the rest of the orchestra.

FOREWARNED.

I have been asked the questions many times—"Do you believe in the supernatural? Are you superstitious?"

I have generally been taught to believe that those who die happily and go to a better world are too happy and contented with the change to wish to come back again to the ways of this troublesome sphere. And those who die and go to a worse place than this they have left, are prevented from returning, even if they wish to very much, by a certain sulphurous being, whose chief initial is "D."

As for being superstitious,—well, perhaps, if being particularly careful to put my right foot out of bed first in the morning and putting on my right shoe and stocking first in order to keep on the good side of Dame Fortune, or never cutting my finger nails any day between Wednesday and Monday,—if those signs of weakness go for anything, then surely I must be superstitious; but I doubt it.

However, when one is sensible of the certain fact that one has been in close proximity with something most ghostlike, perhaps some one older and wiser will discover and explain to what he would ascribe the following:

I had received a letter from a cousin of mine asking me to come and make her a visit. The letter reached me at a very critical time. Shall I say that letter was a turning point in my life? Perhaps so.

I had been engaged to a man, a gentleman of means and position. He was a widower, and, perhaps, beside the great affection I felt for him, he charmed me by the kindly, always sympathetic, manner in which he spoke of his dead wife.

My parents were pleased with my choice. They admired Mr. Borrors for his many amiable qualities. He was a good business man—handsome, and in every way fitted to be the means of making any girl happy. If at times he would be morose and silent I never noticed. I thought I had better get used to an occasional passing cloud on my future partner's brow. For I had sense enough to know that no two lives were ever passed, or could be, in continual sunshine, without an occasional thunder storm to clear the atmosphere. They tell me I am cold, cold and heartless. Can one be heartless when she loves as passionately as I, Clarice Savoy, loved Hugh Borrors? Loved him! Heaven help me, until my love was crushed out, so utterly dead, that nothing could revive it to life again. Perhaps I was hard in my decision. What does one's love amount to when the object beloved is worthless? That was my bitter lot—to find that my affections had been lavished upon an unworthy object. The idol I had set up crumbled to dust before my wistful, wretched eyes.

Not a whisper of warning had I of the blow that was to crush all the happiness out of my life. It all came so suddenly I must have been blinded. Slowly, but still very surely, a coldness sprung up between my parents and my lover. There seemed no perceptible cause. Still the coldness, the unfriendly feeling, was apparent.

One night, I should say the night, for never shall I forget it, Hugh called for me to go to a band concert. It was one of those sultry summer evenings when it seems too much of an exertion for one to breathe. I said I preferred remaining at home. He agreed that the air was densely warm, and we sat chatting, when my mother entered the room. She never spoke nor looked at me; but, with a strangely fixed look on her face, walked over to Hugh and ordered him out of the house. Shall I ever forget the agony of that hour and those that followed?

I appealed to my father, but he only seconded my mother in her action. "He is a blackguard and not fit to remain in any respectable man's house, and, Miss, never let me hear of your recognizing the rascally villain again." And with a second warning look at me he went out.

My mother would tell me nothing to explain her extraordinary action. "He is not worthy my daughter. He is not worthy," was her unsatisfactory answer to all my questions. But I was determined not to give him up until I knew wherein the unworthiness lay. I met him a few days later. He begged me to be faithful to him, and I, with passionate words of everlasting fidelity, promised. My mother heard of the meeting and was furious. Had she treated me like a woman and not as a child and told me her reasons for refusing me to speak to Hugh, she would not have made me disobedient or untruthful, for I declared I never met him, nor would I acknowledge that I had.

Then he went away, and Sadie's letter came, and I in my calmness of despair accepted and went. Sadie with her bright, laughing face, met me at the station with the fat old pony and low basket carriage. She was delighted to see me and rattled on cheerfully of everything she thought interesting.

"Ah, Clarice! the house is full and you will have to sleep in the haunted room; but," she says, with a shake of her curly brown head, "I am ready to share the terrors of the ghostly night watcher with you."

"Ghosts indeed," I retort with supreme contempt. "My dear child, pray do not martyrize your feelings on my account, for I am not the least bit afraid."

Sadie looked at me surprisedly. "I hope with all your other virtues you have not become sarcastic with your poor little cousin," she says, touching the pony lightly with her whip.

"Forgive me, dear," I say in a repentant tone. "Perhaps I am tired, so don't mind if I snarl. You know I don't mean it."

Sadie sighs for sympathy with me. She is one who never gets put out of temper; she is always, it seems to me, at her best. And that is what can be said of very few; but, then, she is my favourite cousin, and perhaps I am partial. Shortly after tea Aunt Ada came to me and said:

"Clarice, dear, I am so sorry, but every bed-room is taken except the blue room. Do you mind sleeping there? For, if you are nervous, Sadie shall sleep with you."

"I will be very comfortable I dare say," I return cheerfully.

"If you have any miserable love story, they say the ghost gives good advice on such matters," Sadie says laughingly.

I feel my face burning crimson. "I don't understand you," I say coldly. But Sadie, who is always talking at random, runs off to talk to some of her other guests.

The visitors were all very agreeable, and, in spite of my misery, which is for ever cropping up before me, I spend a very pleasant evening. At ten o'clock Sadie and I retire to the seclusion of the blue room—a large apartment hung in blue, with two large windows overlooking an extensive flower garden. The furniture was old-fashioned and heavy, with a bed hung with heavy blue damask curtains. Now, everything looked most cosy and cheerful, a fire burned in the grate—for the room had not been used for so long that she was afraid it would be damp. Aunt Ada was generally funny that way. Wax lights shed a soft radiance around, and numerous flowers were scattered around in pretty cups and vases in sweet confusion.

"Don't you think we had better let the light burn?" Sadie timidly suggests.

"I can never sleep with a light in the room," I retort, as I promptly blow out all the candles.

Sadie gives a little shriek as she scrambles hurriedly into bed, while I as promptly scuttle in after her. The fire burns up cheerfully and lightens up the furniture, and I think what a pity, for the sake of some old tradition, such a lovely room should go unoccupied. Sadie, with her head buried in the blanket (a very uncomfortable position I should fancy), squeals a remark to me from time to time from among the blanket's protecting depths. Finally we both drop off to sleep. I dreamt I was at home. It was in the morning and they said there was a lady in the library to see me. I went and found a fair, fragile, little creature standing by the fire. She was wringing her hands and sighing as I entered the room.

The first thing I noticed was her strange apparel. She simply wore a long flowing garment of some soft white material, and her golden hair hung in long waves over her slender shoulders. She looked at me silently for a few moments, then she came toward me.

"You are Clarice Savoy?"

I reply that such is my name.

"You mean to marry Hugh Borrors?" she further questions.

"I do," was my ready answer.

The sky outside the library grew dark, and there was no light in the room save the flickering fire light, throwing fitful, weird shadows around.

"Child," said my strange visitor, "don't have anything further to do with Hugh Borrors. What?" she went on, brushing the fair curls off her white forehead impatiently. "Do you think that if a man treats one wife cruelly that his second will meet with a better or kinder fate? Tell me, do you?" She turns her glorious, dark eyes, full upon my face, and they seem to burn into my very brain, those wildly brilliant, enquiring eyes.

"What authority have you to come here with a tale like this to me? I have every reason to believe that my intended husband is an honourable gentleman, who would wound no woman's feelings, let alone those of the sacred ties of matrimony."

I speak haughtily and half sorrowfully, for I begin to think perhaps the fair little creature before me has had her hopes disappointed. Still I cannot fathom her reason for wishing to make me her confidant. She paced hurriedly up and down for several minutes, then she paused before me. "Will you listen?" Again fixing those shining eyes upon my questioning face.

"Certainly," I reply, sinking languidly in a chair.

"Wont you be seated?" I ask.

She never moved from before me, nor took her eyes from my face.

"You did not know Hugh Borrors' wife?"

I shake my head.

"She was older than he, but still a faithful and a loving wife all through the long years he was toiling to succeed in business. She did her best to help and cheer him on all the long, long years; but," plaintively, "they were happy in a way. Then it suddenly became apparent to the loving, watchful eyes of the wife, that her husband was less loving and neglectful and hard to please. Like lightning out of a clear sky came a whisper, a word dropped here and there, that Hugh, her husband, whom she had loved so faithfully, was neglecting his home and her for a new, a younger face. A whisper was not sufficient to arouse suspicion in the trusting heart, but she afterwards found proof sufficient to convince her that she was no longer the first in her husband's heart."

"Mr. Borrors purchased a handsome jewelled bracelet. His wife admired it very much, and was surprised to see him replace it in his coat pocket. Afterward she saw the same bracelet on the arm of the woman who had taken her husband from her. The blow was too much for her gentle, brave nature, and she died, died of a broken heart."

I spring to my feet. "How dare you say such things? Who are you?" I demand.

She pushes me back in my chair and placing her hand on mine, she whispers:

"I am Hugh Borrors' dead wife!"

I wake with a scream,—awake to find the fire almost burnt out and myself sitting upright, my hand outstretched, while standing before me is the woman of my dream. I cannot move, can scarcely breathe. All I can do is to gaze as if fascinated at the fair little lady with her flowing white gown and golden hair. I feel the clasp of her icy little fingers around my wrist. Then she slowly fades from my vision, while I distinctly hear the word "Remember." For the first time in my life I fainted away. On coming to my senses I was very thankful to find Sadie still sleeping. No one but myself knew of my midnight visitor.

The next afternoon, in the face of much opposition, I started to go home. Sadie with a rueful countenance saw me in the train. In her thoughtfulness for my comfort she had lent me an interesting story to beguile the hours in travelling. I sat glancing over the pages, when I became conscious of a conversation going on between two gentlemen in the seat behind.

"I see Frank Somers has been taken into partnership with one of the leading attorneys out West. He is a pretty lucky dog."

"Who is Frank Somers?" lazily asks his companion.

"Why, don't you remember the girl he married was the one whom Borrors was so much smitten with—the girl who they say made as much love to the married as to the single man."

"But Borrors is a widower," argued the other.

"I believe gossip goes through your head like water through a sieve. I tell you his wife was alive at the time, and his outrageous doings with this girl killed her, sent her they say right into her grave. Bad business all through. She was a clever little wife and a fair little creature,—big dark eyes and yellow hair style, you know; but too loving, you see, to battle along with a fellow of Borrors' style."

Every word I heard distinctly. On my arrival home I find an impassioned letter, begging me to leave home and marry him at once. I quietly wrote, saying it was utterly impossible for me to go in opposition to my parents' wishes, and that it would be better to stop all further communication. He wrote twice afterwards, but I never noticed the letters. I have learned since that the story the little lady told me in my dream was really what had occurred, that neglect had killed Hugh Borrors' wife. And who can doubt for a moment that it was some strange means of all-seeing and loving Providence which saved me from a fate worse than death.

Pagan Place, St. John, N.B.

MAY LEONARD.

Macaulay.

I cannot describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected, out of even a very small number of persons, as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face in profile is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. . . . The face, to resume my description, seen in front, is blank, and, as it were, badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be quite impossible to tell the colour of those orbs, and equally so from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable, and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic. As usual, he took up the ribands of the conversation, and kept them in his own hand, driving wherever it suited him. . . . His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. I do not know that I can repeat any of his conversation, for there was nothing to excite very particular attention in its even flow. There was not a touch of Holmes's ever-bubbling wit, imagination, enthusiasm and arabesqueness. It is the perfection of the commonplace, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full, as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent.—*J. L. Motley.*

How to Sharpen Tools.

Carpenters and other toolusers who keep up with the times now use a mixture of glycerine instead of oil for sharpening their edge tools. Oil, as is well known, thickens and smears the stone. The glycerine may be mixed with spirit in greater or less proportion, according as the tools to be sharpened are fine or coarse. For the average blade, two parts of glycerine to one of spirits will suffice.



ACHOUAPMOUCHOUAN LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY. (Llvernois, photo.)

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An Interesting Chair.

In the hall of Eglinton Castle is a chair made of the oak which formed the roof-trees of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." The back of the chair is inlaid with brass, on which is engraved the whole of "Tam o' Shanter." At the bottom is an inscription, which bears that the chair was made of the material referred to, and presented to Hugh, Earl of Eglinton, in the September of 1818, by Mr. David Auld, who built the inn and the little grotto near the monument at Alloway.

The Boundary Line.

The boundary line between the United States and Canada is not "imaginary," as most people suppose. The fact is the line is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and timber clearings. There are 385 of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. The British placed one post every two miles and the United States one between each British post. The posts are of cast iron, and cast on their faces are the words, "Convention of London, October 20, 1818." Where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stones have been built projecting eight feet above high-water mark. In forests the line is defined by felling trees for a space a rod wide.

A Startling Mistake.

The Danish word for "children" and the Icelandic for "sheep" are, it seems, very similar, and *The Fireside* tells a good story in its "Chapter of Anecdotes" based on this resemblance. The Queen of Denmark, during her visit to Iceland, inquired of the Bishop how many children he had; but the worthy bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood Her Majesty to ask how many *sheep* he owned, and promptly answered, "Two hundred." "Two hundred children!" cried the Queen astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?" "Easily enough,

please your Majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them."

Influence of Music.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper I say to them 'Sing'; and if I hear them speak against any person I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal."

HUMOROUS.

"WHERE are you off to?" "To apply for the hand of one of the banker's daughters." "Which of them?" "That depends. If he looks pleasant I'll take the youngest, but if he's cross, the oldest."

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD GENTLEMAN: Can you tell me what that inscription is on that board over there? Resident: Sure, Oi'm in the same boat, sor! 'Twas mighty little schoolin' Oi hod whin Oi was a bye meself.

A mother started to tell the story of a miser to her children, and, upon asking if they knew what a miser was, her seven-year-old replied, "Oh, yes, I know, *economiser*,—somebody who always saves, and never spends a cent."

A BIG DIFFERENCE.—Wife: I think Turner, our grocer, has joined the church, John. Husband: What leads you to think so, my dear? Wife: Why, he used to say his strawberries were so much a quart; now he says they are so much a box.

THE YOUNG MAN (argumentatively): But don't you see, Miss Bessie, that when you reason in that way you are only begging the question? The young woman (blushing beautifully): I am sure, Mr. Peduncle, I—

I didn't intend to—to beg you to—to ask me any question?

THIS is the season when the invalid's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of mineral springs. Whatever may be his real or imaginary disease, he is convinced that the only thing that will do him any good is a spring strongly impregnated with a casino and containing at least sixty per cent. of ball room.

SOLICITOUS.—Mother: Where have you been, Johnny? Johnny: Down by th' old mill watchin' a man paint a picture. Mother: Didn't you bother him? Johnny: Naw! He seemed to be real interested in me. Mother: What did he say? Johnny: He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time, and you'd miss me.

IN THE CROWDED QUARTER.—Mr. Johnsing: What a nice well-behaved baby you have here, Mrs. Plumley. Mrs. Plumley: Yes; he's good now, but I had a world of trouble with him last summer. After he came home from the Fresh Air Excursion he squalled for fresh air so much that we had to get a bellows and feed him every night before he would take a wink of sleep!

BASHFUL BRIDGET.—"Well, mum, I must be afther lavin' yez," announced the cook. "What do you mean? Why are you going?" asked the astonished mistress. "I am going to be married next week," was the reply. "But, surely, Bridget, you won't leave me so suddenly. You must ask him to wait for you a few days." "Oh, I couldn't, mum." "Why not, pray?" "Sure, mum, I'd loike to oblige you, but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him to ask such a thing."

The Persian author, Saadi, tell us a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian,—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question: Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared: "Old age oppressed with poverty"; the Indian answered, "Pain with impatience"; while the Persian, bowing low, made answer—"The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"